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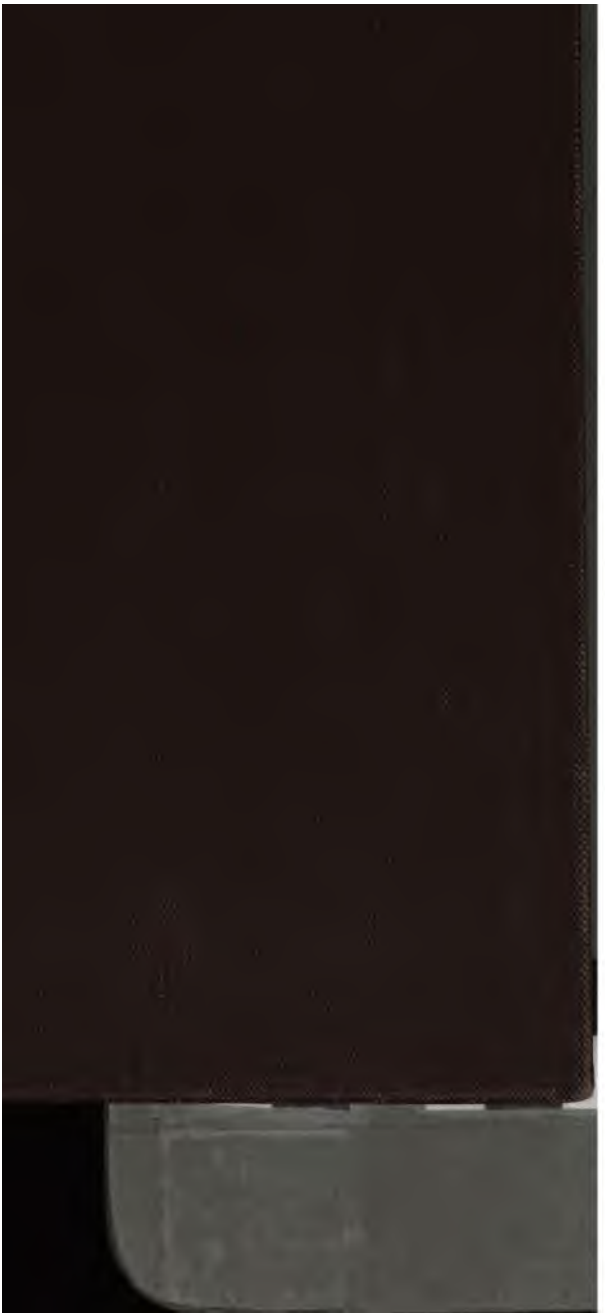

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ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS

Tus Orter had a delicate Genius, & there
were in his Pressions Charms & Graces in his Po-
etry. The Verses of Anacreon says Cuiyas
are sweeter than Indian Sugar; He passed
among ye Greeks for one of ye greatest Masters
both in ye Art of Complaisance, & in ye Softness
of Expression. His Beauty, says Naoli, Fevre
& his Best Excellency lay in imitating Na-
tur, & in following Reason; He inserted
not to the Mind any Images, but were
noble & Natural, & always took great care
to avoid ye Points, wch were introduced in latter
Times, contrary to ye practice of ye best an-
cient Poets. The Odes of Anacreon says Ra-
vin, are Flowers, Beauties & perpetuall Grac-
es. It is familiar to Him to write what is
natural & to the life, He having an Air
so delicate, so easy, & so graceful that
among all the Ancients, there is nothing
comparable to ye Method he took, nor to
that kind of Writing he followed. He
flows soft & easy, every where diffusing
the Joy & Indolence of his Mind thro his
Verse, & tuning his Harp to ye smooth
& pleasant Temper of his Soul.

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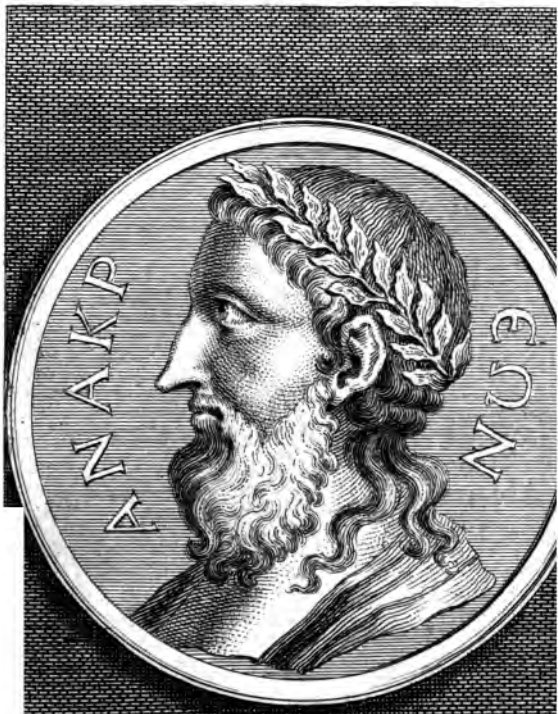

Apud Fulvium Urſinum in numiſmate æreo.

c. 4 p.

THE

WORKS

Bailey OF 6 Aug. 1835.

ANACREON,

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH VERSE;

WITH

NOTES Explanatory and Poetical.

To which are added the

Odes, Fragments, *and* Epigrams *of*

SAPPHO

Donum Roberti Heath

with the ORIGINAL GREEK plac'd

Opposite to the TRANSLATION.

By Mr. *ADDISON.*

Nec si quid olim lusit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas. Spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliæ *fidibus* puellæ. Hor. L. 4. Od. 9.

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN WATTS at the Printing-Office
in *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields.*

M DCC XXXV.

On ye Death of Anacreon, by Cowley

It grieves me when I see what Fate
Does on ye Best of Mankind wait,
Poets or Lovers Let them be;
'Tis neither Love nor Poesy
Can arm against Death's smallest Da.
The Poet's Head, or Lover's Heart.
But when their Life in its Decline,
Touches th' inevitable Line;
All the World's mortal to them then
And Wine is Aconite to Men.
Nay in Death's Hand, the Grapestone pro
As strong as Thunder is in Jove's.

888
A4
A22

Greek McLeod 12.4.43 48743
888 A4 A22

TO HIS

ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

PRINCE of *WALES*.

SIR,

TWO of the most Courtly Authors of Antiquity wait upon Your ROYAL HIGHNESS for Your Protection; and flatter themselves that You will not refuse them an Honour, which they have receiv'd from so

I ſhall, therefore, conclude with begging Leave to aſſure Your ROYAL HIGHNESS, that however unſucceſsful I may have been in the following Attempt, I ſhall always think my ſelf fortunate in the Opportunity it has given me of ſubſcribing myſelf,

SIR,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's

moſt devoted,

moſt obedient, and

moſt humble Servant,

JOHN ADDISON.

PREFACE.

THE Tranſlations of ANACREON *and* SAPPHO, *into* French *and* Italian, *have been ſo well receiv'd in thoſe Countries, that it's hop'd an* Engliſh *One won't be altogether unacceptable, however ſhort an Attempt of this Nature muſt neceſſarily fall of the inimitable Graces and Beauties of the Originals.*

Anacreon *in his firſt* Ode, *which is a kind of Preface to the reſt, aſſures us that* LOVE *himſelf inſpir'd what he ſung: And* Sappho *was honour'd by the Ancients with the Name of the* Tenth Muſe. *Therefore what can be expected from a Verſion of ſuch Authors into an inferior Language, but a faint Idea, rather than any juſt Image of their Perfections?*

To preſerve them agreeable is the only thing poſſible; and in this Undertaking, I have been preceded by ſeveral eminent Men. The Paraphraſe which Mr. Cowley *has made of ſome of* Anacreon's Odes, *will always be admir'd.*

The Reverend Mr. Pilkington *has alſo oblig'd the World with ſeveral in a beautiful Dreſs: But I know of none that can ſo properly be call'd a Tranſlation, as thoſe which Mr.* Stanley *publiſh'd, whoſe Writings are an Honour to his Country. I have alſo receiv'd a great deal of Pleaſure from ſome others, which are annex'd to Mr.* Sterling's Hero and Leander; *but from none more than the* 28*th, which was firſt printed in the* GUARDIAN, *and which I have taken the Liberty to inſert amongſt theſe, as an Ornament to this Edition.*

I would have done the ſame by Mr. Phillips's *celebrated Verſion of the Two* Odes *of* Sappho, *could I have juſtify'd ſuch an unlicens'd Freedom; but as I could not, the Reader muſt excuſe me if he finds ſomething worſe in the room of them.*

THE LIFE OF *ANACREON.*

ANACREON was born at *Teos*, a City and Sea-Port of *Ionia*; but of what Parents, is not agreed amongſt Authors; ſome * calling his Father's Name *Scythinus*, others *Eumelus*, and others † *Parthenius*, or *Ariſtocritus*. Madam *D'Acier* endeavours to prove from *Plato*, that he was a Kinſman of *Solon*'s, and conſequently ally'd to the *Codridæ*, the nobleſt Family in *Athens*; but as no ſuch Opinion ſeems fairly deducible from

* Suidas.

† An ancient Diſtich calls his Father's Name *Parthenius*, and his Mother's *Eetia*.

Παρθενίοιο πατρὸς λιγυρὸς παῖς, Ἠετίης τε,
Ἦν ἄρα μελπόμενος Τήϊος Ἀνακρέων.

the

the ‡ Text of her Author, we muſt rather commend the Lady's Zeal, than ſubſcribe to her Interpretation.

The Time in which he flouriſh'd, is alſo a Matter of Diſpute amongſt the Learned. *Suidas* fixes on the 52d, and *Euſebius* on the 62d Olympiad; whom others, either follow, or diſſent from, according to their different Fancies. The Truth is, there is no Exactneſs in the Chronology of the *Greeks* for the Times preceding the Riſe of the *Perſian* Empire; it was not till long after, that they began to reckon by Olympiads: Whence it is that we meet with ſo much Uncertainty and Contradiction in their Account of things before that Period.

As to our preſent Enquiry, *Barnes*'s Calculation ſeems as correct as any, which makes

‡ The Paſſage is in *Plato*'s Dialogue of Temperance, entitled, *Charmides*; *Socrates* ſpeaks,

Καὶ γὰρ, ἦν δ' ἐγὼ, καὶ δίκαιον, ὦ Χαρμίδη, διαφέρειν σὲ τῶν ἄλλων, πᾶσι τοῖς τοιούτοις· Οὐ γὰρ οἶμαι, ἄλλον οὐδένα τῶν ἐνθάδε ῥᾳδίως ἂν ἔχειν ἐπιδεῖξαι, ποῖαι δύο οἰκίαι συνελθοῦσαι εἰς ταὐτὸν τῶν Ἀθηναίων, ἐκ τῶν εἰκότων, καλλίω ἂν καὶ ἀμείνω γεννήσειαν, ἢ ἐξ ὧν σὺ γέγονας· ἥτε γὰρ πατρῴα ὑμῖν οἰκία ἡ Κριτίου τοῦ Δρωπίδου καὶ ὑπὸ Ἀνακρέοντος, καὶ ὑπὸ Σόλωνος, καὶ ὑπ' ἄλλων πολλῶν ποιητῶν ἐγκεκωμιασμένη, παραδέδοται ἡμῖν, ὡς διαφέρουσα κάλλει τε καὶ ἀρετῇ, καὶ τῇ ἄλλῃ λεγομένῃ εὐδαιμονίᾳ· καὶ αὖ ἡ πρὸς μητρὸς ὡσαύτως.

Ana-

Anacreon born on the Second Year of the 55th Olympiad, and the Twenty-ninth before the Death of *Cyrus*.

Agreeable to this Account, our Author was about Eighteen Years of Age when *Harpagus*, the General of *Cyrus*, came with an Army against the confederate Cities of the *Ionians* and *Æolians*. The *Milesians* immediately submitted themselves; but the *Phocæans*, a brave People, finding they were too weak to withstand the Enemy, rather chose to abandon their Country, than their Liberty, and getting a Fleet together, transported themselves and Families to the Coast of *France*; where being hospitably receiv'd by *Nannus*, the King of the Country, they built *Marseilles*. * For it must be observ'd, that the *Persians* had no Skill in Maritime Affairs as yet, neither had they any Alliance with the *Phœnicians*, who, except the *Greeks*, were at that time esteem'd the only powerful Nation, at Sea, in the World.

The *Teians* soon follow'd this generous Example, as *Herodotus* informs us; for *Harpagus* having made himself Master of their Walls, by the Advantage of his Earth-Works, they unanimously went on board

* Τοῖσι δὲ αὐτέων νησιώτησι ἦν δεινὸν οὐδέν· οὔτε γὰρ Φοίνικες ἦσάν κω Περσέων κατήκοοι, οὔτε αὐτοὶ οἱ Πέρσαι ναυβάται. Herod. L. 1.

their

their Ships, and ſailing into *Thrace*, fix'd themſelves in the City *Abdera*; where they had not been long, before the *Thracians*, jealous of their new Neighbours, endeavour'd to give them Diſturbance: And in theſe Conflicts, it ſeems to be, that *Anacreon* loſt thoſe of his Friends whom he celebrates in his Epigrams. It was alſo in this Place that he compos'd his 59th Ode, which, by the Μηδὲν εἰδέναι σοφόν, one may conjecture to be wrote whilſt he was ſtill very young.

From hence he took a Voyage to the Court of *Polycrates*, Tyrant of *Samos*, at that time, thro' the Politeneſs and Good Fortune of its Prince, one of the gayeſt and moſt flouriſhing in *Aſia*. A Perſon of *Anacreon*'s Character, could not chuſe but meet with a welcome Reception, wherever Wit and Pleaſure were eſteem'd; and accordingly, we find by the Ancients, that he was ſo highly honour'd by *Polycrates*, as not only to be admitted a Partner of his Friendſhip, but even of his moſt ſecret Counſels. It was here he became enamour'd of the beautiful *Bathyllus*, whoſe Picture he has ſo finely drawn in his 29th Ode;[x] as alſo of another Youth nam'd *Smerdias*, who, * *Maximus Tyrius* tells us, was the Son of a *Thracian* Prince, and preſented to *Polycrates* by ſome *Grecian* Pirates. † *Ælian* reports, that *Polycrates*

* *Cap. X.* † *Var. Hiſt. L. 9. C. 4.*

x. Non aliter &c. Hor: Epod: 14.

Polycrates was ſo jealous of this laſt Amour, as to order the Boy to be ſhav'd; and that *Anacreon* compos'd an elegant Poem upon the Occaſion, tho' we have nothing now, but the Remembrance of it, remaining.

If we may believe ‡ *Stobæus*, he was no leſs a Philoſopher in his Contempt of Riches, than he was a Poet in his Love of Pleaſures. That Author relates, that *Anacreon* having receiv'd Five Talents of Gold from *Polycrates*, could not ſleep for two Nights ſucceſſively; upon which he return'd the Treaſure, telling his Patron, that however conſiderable the Sum might be, it was not an equal Price for the Trouble of keeping it.

How long he continu'd at *Samos*, is uncertain; but it's probable that the Friendſhip of *Polycrates*, and the Splendor of his Court, had Influence enough to detain him there the greateſt Part of his Reign. This Opinion alſo ſeems confirm'd by * *Herodotus*, who aſſures us, that *Anacreon* of *Teos* was with that Prince in his Chamber, when he receiv'd a Meſſage from *Orœtes* Governor of *Sardis*, by whoſe Treachery *Polycrates* was ſoon after betray'd, and inhumanly crucify'd, ſatisfying by this cruel Death, the Envy of an uninterrupted Happineſs.

It ſeems to have been a little before this fatal Accident, that our Poet left *Samos* for

‡ *Fol.* 508. * *L.* 3. *Athens*,

Athens, having been invited thither by *Hipparchus*, one of the moſt virtuous and learned Princes of his Time, who, as † *Plato* aſſures us, ſent a Veſſel of fifty Oars to convey him over the *Ægean*.

But *Hipparchus* being ſlain by the Conſpiracy of *Harmodius* and *Ariſtogiton*, he return'd to his Native Country *Teos*; (for after the Death of *Cyrus*, the *Teians* had been ſuffer'd to reinhabit their City unmoleſted); here he remain'd till the Revolt of *Hiſtiæus*, on which Account, as *Suidas* tells us, he was oblig'd once more to fly to *Abdera*, where he was ‡ ſtrangled with a Grape-Stone in the 85th Year of his Age. See Cowley's Elegy on the back of this Page.

Beſides his Favourites already mention'd, he had ſeveral others of both Sexes; as *Megiſtes*, *Eurypele*, and *Cleobulus*, the laſt of which he celebrates in his 63d Ode. He was alſo very much addicted to Wine, if we may believe *Ovid*: And *Pauſanias* has left us the Deſcription of his Statue in a drunken Poſture; tho' whether this Imputation is not rather to be charg'd upon his Poetry, than his Perſon, may be queſtion'd; and eſpecially ſince the moral *Plato* has vouchſaf'd to call him the *Wiſe Anacreon*. See more in Fontinelle's Dialog. between Anac. & Ariſtotle.

† Plato in Hipparch.

‡ Valer. Max. L. 9. C. 12. & Plin. L. 7. C. 7.

and Sappho, in the 64th of the Collection.

But

But a ſmall Portion of his Works has eſcap'd the Malice of Time; for, beſides Odes, he compos'd Elegies, Hymns, and Iambics. Some Writers honour him with the Invention of the Lyre. *He wrote in Ionick.*

How much he was the Delight of the Ancients, appears from thoſe extravagant Praiſes which they have beſtow'd upon him; particularly *Horace*, in that Paſſage which I have choſen for a Motto to the Work, which I will here give the *Engliſh* Reader a Verſion of:

We read Anacreon's *wanton Toys,*
Whilſt they our Paſſions gently move,
No Envy blaſts, no Age deſtroys;
And Sappho's *charming Lyre*
Preſerves her ſoft Deſire,
And tunes our raviſh'd Souls to love.

But I remember no one who has given a juſter Character of his Writings, than that little God who inſpir'd them, as taught to ſpeak by Mr. *Cowley:*

All thy Verſe is ſofter far,
Than the downy Feathers are
Of my Wings, or of my Arrows,
Of my Mother's Doves, or Sparrows:
Graceful, cleanly, ſmooth, and round;
All with Venus' *Girdle bound.*

Ἔ Λ Ε Γ Χ Ο Σ.

Ἀνακρέοντος Τηΐου Μέλη.

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THE ODES OF ANACREON.

ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ ΤΗΙΟΥ ΜΕΛΗ.

ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ

ΤΗΙΟΥ ΜΕΛΗ.

ΩΔΗ Α'.

Εἰς Λύραν.

Θέλω λέγειν Ἀτρείδας,
Θέλω δὲ Κάδμον ᾄδειν·
Ἡ βάρβιτος δὲ χορδαῖς
Ἔρωτα μοῦνον ἠχεῖ.
Ἤμειψα

VER. 1. *I'll ſing of* Atreus' *Godlike Race.*] *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*, the Sons of *Atreus*; or, according to ſome Writers, the Sons of *Piſthenes*, and Grandſons of *Atreus*. By the *Atridæ* the Poet means the *Trojan* War, in which thoſe Brothers had the principal Command. They flouriſh'd about nine Hundred Years before Chriſt.

VER. 2. *And* Cadmus *ſhall my Numbers grace.*] *Cadmus*, the Son of *Agenor* King of *Phœnicia*, when Tiden

THE ODES OF

NACREON.

ODE I.

ON HIS LYRE.

I Sing of *Atreus'* Godlike Race,
And *Cadmus* ſhall my Numbers grace.
Hark! the great Task my Strings deny,
In ſoft Airs of Love reply.

The

n was taken by the *Philiſtims* in the Time of *Da-*
fled with a Company of *Zidonians* into *Greece,*
e he built *Thebes.* He brought Letters out of *Phœ-*
with him, whence the Invention of them is attribu-
to him; as is alſo that of Copper Oar, which was
d *Cadmia,* after his Name, and which he found out
hebes. He marry'd *Harmonia* the Siſter of *Jaſius*
Dardanus; or, according to *Ovid,* the Daughter of
rs and Venus. His Adventures in Search of his

Ἤμειψα νεῦρα πρώην,
Καὶ τὴν λύρην ἅπασαν·
Κἀγὼ μὲν ᾖδον ἄθλους
Ἡρακλέους· λύρη δὲ
Ἔρωτας ἀντεφώνει.

Χαίροιτε

Sister *Europa* are related by *Ovid* in the Third and Fourth Book of his *Metamorphoses*.

VER. 5. *The other Day each Rebel String I chang'd.*] Mr. *D'Acier* remarks, that when the ancient Poets would celebrate any extraordinary Subject, it was usual for them to say they had new-strung their Lyre. Thus *Horace*,

—— Hunc fidibus novis,
Hunc Lesbio sacrare plectro,
Teque tuasque decet sorores. L. 1. Ode 26.

You Muse, and all the Nine should raise
With new-rewarbling Strings his Praise,
And consecrate him on the *Lesbian* Lyre.

VER. 6.] —— Herculean *Toils to sing.*] *Diodorus* mentions three *Hercules's*; the first an *Egyptian*; the second a *Cretan*, who instituted the Olympick Games; and the third a *Grecian*. The *Egyptian Hercules* was undoubtedly the oldest, and very probably no other than the great *Sesostris* King of *Egypt*, who, after having carry'd his Conquests over great Part of *Europe* and *Africk*, erected

her Day each Rebel String
, *Herculean* Toils to ſing;
y wanton Lyre I ſtrung,
Herculean Toils I ſung;
el Strings reſponded *Love*,
eroick Note would prove.

Adieu,

famous Pillars ſpoke of by *Dionyſius* the
r.

ι καὶ ςῆλαι περὶ τέρμασιν Ἡρακλῆος
(μέγα θαῦμα) παρ' ἐσχατόωντα Γάδειρα,
ὑπὸ πρηῶνα πολυσπερέων Ἀτλάντων·
καὶ χάλκειος ἐς οὐρανὸν ἔδραμε κίων,
ος, πυκινοῖσι καλυπτόμενος νεφέεσσι.

on the Shores confining *Gades'* land,
ous Sight! *Herculean* Pillars ſtand!
Mount *Atlas'* long-projected Shade,
ow'ring Hills thro' various Realms diſplay'd,
menſely high, and Heav'n itſelf invade.

theſe, there was another *Hercules*, a *Tyrian*;
ſt celebrated amongſt them was the *Grecian*,
Jupiter and *Alcmena*; and to him moſt of
of the others are attributed. His Labours,
ion'd, are enumerated by *Ovid* in the Ninth
is *Metamorphoſes*.

Χαίρετε λοιπὸν ἡμῖν, Ἥρωες· ἡ λύρη γὰρ
Μόνους ἔρωτας ᾄδει.

Ω Δ Η Β'.

Εἰς γυναῖκας.

Φύσις κέρατα ταύροις,
Ὁπλὰς δ' ἔδωκεν ἵπποις,
Ποδωκίλῳ λαγωοῖς,
Λέουσι χάσμ' ὀδόντων,

Τοῖς

VER. 11. *Adieu, ye Heroes!*] *Plato* derives the Word Heroe from Ἔρως, *Love*, becauſe, ſays he, the Heroes came by the Conjunction of a God with a mortal Woman, or of a mortal Man with a Goddeſs. And *Lucian* defines a Heroe to be one who is neither God nor Man, but both; for, after Death, a Heroe was eſteem'd to partake of immediate Immortality, and to be receiv'd amongſt their Number by the Gods.

Ovid has imitated this Ode in ſeveral of his Elegies, and ſeems to have compris'd it all in the two following Lines.

Cùm Thebæ, cùm Troja foret, cùm Cæſaris acta:
Ingenium movit ſola Corinna meum.

L. III. Eleg. II.

Bion

Adieu, ye Heroes! ſoft Deſire
Still tunes my Heart, and tunes my Lyre.

ODE II.

ON WOMEN.

NATURE with Guardian Horns o'erſpread
The nervous Bull's majeſtic Head;
With Hoofs ſhe arm'd the gen'rous Steed;
The tim'rous Hare ſhe wing'd with Speed;
And gave the Lyon to diſcloſe
Wide-op'ning Teeth, tremendous Rows!

Fins

Bion has alſo been very happy in expreſſing the ſame Sentiment, at the End of his Fourth *Idyllium*.

Ἦν μὲν γὰρ βέλτερον ἄλλον ἢ ἀθάνατόν τινα μέλπω,
Καμψαίνει μεὖ γλῶσσα, καὶ ὡς πάρος οὐκ ἔτ' ἀείδει.
Ἦν δ' αὖτ' ἐς Ἥρωα καὶ Ἔρωτα καὶ ἐς Λυκίδαν τι μελίσδω,
Καὶ τόκα μοι χαίροισα διὰ στόματ' ῥέει ᾠδά.

When Gods and Heroes grace a loftier Strain,
My fault'ring Tongue attempts to charm in vain.
When Love and *Lycidas* the Song inſpire,
My Voice is Muſick, and the Swains admire.

VER. 6. *Wide-op'ning Teeth.*] The *Greek* Expreſſion is χάσμ' ὀδόντων, a *Chaſm of Teeth*. The

Τοῖς ἰχθύσι τὸ νηχτὸν,
Τοῖς ὀρνέοις πέτασθαι,
Τοῖς ἀνδράσι φρόνημα.
Γυναιξὶν οὐκ ἔτ' εἶχεν;
Τί δ' ἂν δίδωσι; Κάλλος,
Ἀνθ' ἁπαίδων ἁπασῶν,
Ἀνθ' ἑλκέων ἀπάντων
Νικᾷ δ' ὃ κἀσίδηρον,
Καὶ πῦρ, Καλή τις ὅσα.

ΩΔΗ

Lion is an Animal remarkable for his wide Throat. See *Bochart*, Ἱεροζωϊκ. L. III. C. II.

VER. 10. *Courage to Man's Imperial Race.*] The Word φρόνημα, which I have render'd *Courage*, *Stephens*, and many ſubſequent Commentators, tranſlate *Prudence*. The Fautors of their Opinion object, that Courage is not peculiar to Man, many Beaſts being his Superiors in that Quality. But tho' it's allow'd that Lions often overcome Men, yet there's a great Diſtinction between Strength and Courage; Strength is a Superiority of the Bones and Muſcles only, and common to the animal as well as to the rational Creation; but by Courage, when apply'd to Man, is properly meant that Superiority of Spirit which is Man's peculiar Characteriſtick and Charter of Dominion. Neither can the Oppoſition between Beauty and Prudence be juſt, unleſs we deprive Woman of the latter, which is too criminal a Partiality for any Author of good Senſe or good Manners. But to combat too long with an evident Error, is to be guilty of one; the Poet explicitly determines his own Meaning.

Ἀντ'

Fins to the Scaly Kind ſhe gave,
To cleave the azure-cryſtall'd Wave:
To Birds to wing th'aerial Space:
Courage to Man's imperial Race.
No Arms for Woman now remain'd:
What fav'rite Guard has ſhe obtain'd?
Beauty, no Shield like Beauty's found,
No Spear can fix ſo deep a Wound:
The Pow'r of Beauty all muſt feel,
Tho' arm'd with Fire, and cloath'd with Steel.

ODE

Ἀσπίδων ἀπασῶν,
Ἀσπ' ἐγχέων ἀπάντων.

— No Shield like Beauty's found,
No Spear can fix ſo deep a Wound.

Spears and Shields are the Arms of Courage, not thoſe of Prudence.

VER. 11. *No Arms for Woman now remain'd.*] The Text is Γυναιξὶν οὐκ ἔτ' ἔσχεν. She had nothing to beſtow on Women from *thence*; meaning, from her Magazine of Arms, which was all exhauſted by her former Bounty. Not as *Stephens* and others interpret it, who confine the Reference of the Particle *thence* to φρόνημα, which, as I have before obſerv'd, they malicioufly tranſlate *Prudence*, and ſo endeavour to face the poor Ladies out of their Diſcretion by Poetical Authority. *Phocylides* ſeems to have copy'd this Ode in his Admonitory Poem.

Ω Δ Η Γ'.

Εἰς Ἔρωτα.

Μεσονυκτίοις ποθ' ὥραις,
Στρέφεται ὅτ' Ἄρκτος ἤδη
Κατὰ χεῖρα τὴν Βοώτου,
Μερόπων τὰ φῦλα πάντα

Κέαται

Ὅπλον ἑκάστῳ νεῖμε Θεὸς φύσιν· ἠερόφοιτον
Ὄρνισί μεν πολλὴν ταχυτῆτ', ἀλκήν τε λέουσι,
Ταύροις δ' αὐτοχύτοις κεράεσσιν, κέντρα μελίσσαις
Ἔμφυτον ἄλκαρ ἔδωκε· λόγος δ' ἔρυμ' ἀνθρώποισι.

Each various Creature's arm'd by bounteous *Jove*,
Wing'd are the tuneful Songsters of the Grove;
The Lion glories in superior Might:
With threatning Horns the Bull provokes the Fight:
His little Dart the Insect Bee protends;
And Reason's Shield imperial Man defends.

VER. 2. Boötes *urg'd the Northern Bear.*] *Boötes*, otherwise call'd *Arctophylax*, or the Bear-Keeper, was the Son of *Jupiter*, and *Callisto* the Daughter of *Lycaon* King of *Arcadia*. His Mother was an Attendant on *Diana*, who, to punish her violated Virginity, turn'd her into a Bear, in which Shape she was deliver'd of *her Son Arcas*, or *Boötes*. But *Ovid* assures us, that her

Trans-

ODE III.

ON CUPID.

ONE Midnight, when around her Sphere,
Boötes urg'd the Northern Bear;
And balmy Sleep had charm'd to reſt
Each weary Limb, and anxious Breaſt;

Cupid

Transformation was owing to the Reſentment of *Juno*, and that *Arcas* meeting his Mother as he was hunting, and being about to kill her thro' Ignorance, *Jupiter*, to prevent ſo fatal a Cataſtrophe, took them both into Heaven: But that *Tethys* the Nurſe of *Juno*, at her Requeſt, deny'd them Admiſſion into the Sea; which was fabled from the Ancients obſerving that the *Bear* never ſet; for, when a Star ſet, it was ſaid to deſcend into the Sea.

Aratus, in his *Phænomena*, has a Paſſage which very much reſembles *Anacreon* in this Place.

Ἐξόπιθεν δ' Ἑλίκης φέρεται ἐλάουνι ἐοικὼς
Ἀρκτοφύλαξ, τόν ῥ' ἄνδρες ἐπικλείουσι Βοώτην,
Οὕνεχ' ἁμαξαίης ἐπαφώμιός ἐστιν Ἄρκτου.

Behind, and ſeeming to urge on the *Bear*,
Arctophylax, on Earth *Boötes* nam'd,
Sheds o'er the Arctic Car his ſilver Light.

VER. 5

Κέαθ κόπῳ δαμεύτα,
Τότ' Ἔρως ἐπιςαθείς μευ
Θυρέων ἔκοπτ' ὀχῆας.
Τίς, ἔφην, θύρας ἀράσσει,
Κατά μευ σχίσας ὀνείρους;
Ὁ δ' Ἔρως, Ἄνοιγε, φησὶ,
Βρέφος εἰμὶ, μὴ φόβησαι·
Βρέχομαι δ', κἀσέλημον
Κατὰ νύκτα πεπλάνημαι.
Ἐλέησα ταῦτ' ἀκούσας·
Ἀνὰ δ' εὐθὺ λύχνον ἅψας
Ἀνέῳξα, καὶ βρέφος μὲν
Ἐσορῶ φέροντα τόξον,
Πτέρυγάς τε καὶ φαρέτρην·
Παρὰ δ' ἱςίην καθίσας
Παλάμαισι χεῖρας αὐτοῦ
Ἀνέθαλπον, ἐκ δὲ χαίτης
Ἀπέθλιβον ὑγρὸν ὕδωρ.

Ὁ

VER. 5. *Cupid.*] The Ancients were divided in their Opinions concerning the Birth of *Cupid*. *Hesiod* says he was born of *Chaos* and the *Earth*. *Arcesilas* of *Night* and the *Air*. *Lucian* of *Mars* and *Venus*. *Seneca* of *Vulcan* and *Venus*. And *Sappho*, the Cotemporary of

Cupid ſtood knocking at my Gate:
Who's there, ſaid I? Who knocks ſo late,
And robs me of my ſlumbring Joys?
Pray let me in! the Voice replies;
Let no vain Fears your Breaſt alarm,
A Child, and innocent of Harm,
This moonleſs Night I've loſt my Way,
All wet, nor conſcious where I ſtray.
With Pity mov'd, his Cries I heard,
Then running down, the Gate unbarr'd;
And by my Lamp diſcover'd there
A Child, indeed, extremely fair!
Beauty ſat blooming on his Face,
Two Wings he wore with equal Grace,
And held a Bow with Infant Pride,
The Quiver glitt'ring at his Side.
Before the Fire, with eager Haſte,
The trembling Boy I kindly plac'd,
And warm'd in mine, with fondeſt Care,
His little Hands, and dry'd his Hair.

But

of our Poet, of *Cœlus* and *Venus*. But *Ovid* and *Plutarch* were of Opinion, that there were two *Cupids*, one celeſtial, born of *Jupiter* and *Venus*; and the other terreſtrial, born of *Erebus* and the Night.

Ὁ δ', ἐπεὶ κρύος μεθῆκε,
Φέρε, φησὶ, πειράσωμεν
Τόδε τόξον, ἐστί μοι νῦν,
Βλάβεται βραχεῖσα νευρή;
Τανύει δὲ, καί με τύπτει
Μέσον ἧπαρ, ὥσπερ οἶστρος,
Ἀνὰ δ' ἄλλεται καχάζων,
Ξένε, δ' εἶπε, συγχάρηθι·
Κέρας ἀβλαβὲς μὲν ἐστι,
Σὺ δὲ καρδίην πονήσεις.

Ω Δ Η

VER. 28. *This pretty awar'd Bow is mine.*] For ἐστί in the Original of this Line, *Stephens*, and many Editors after him, read εἰ τί; but as the Sense will be compleat by only adding a Note of Interrogation after νευρή

But when he felt his Boſom beat,
With new Returns of genial Heat,
He ſmiling ſaid, This Bow ſo fine,
This pretty azur'd Bow is mine!
We'll try now if the String remain
Unhurt, and guiltleſs of the Rain.
He ſpoke, then ſwift the Wanton drew,
And thro' my Heart the Arrow flew.
Nor longer would the Traitor ſtay,
But loudly-laughing, leap'd away;
And jeering cry'd, with parting Voice,
Rejoice with me, kind Hoſt, rejoice!
For now your bleeding Heart can tell
My Bow is ſafe, and ſo Farewel.

ODE

νευρή in the ſubſequent Line, I think the Change unneceſſary; the Expreſſion as it ſtands is perfectly juſt, and becoming the Mouth of an Infant.

VER. 1.

Ω Δ Η Δ'.

Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Ἐπὶ Μυρσίναις τερείναις,
Ἐπὶ Λωτίναις τε ποίαις
Στορέσας, θέλω προπίνειν·
Ὁ δ' Ἔρως, χιτῶνα δήσας
Ὑπὲρ αὐχένος παπύρῳ,
Μέθυ μοι διηκονείτω.
Τροχὸς ἅρματος γὰρ οἷα
Βίοτος τρέχει κυλισθεὶς,

Ὀλίγη

VER. 1. *On Beds of softest Fragrance laid.*] Couches made of Flowers and sweet Herbs were favourite Reposes amongst the Ancients. *Euripides* calls them Χαμεύνας φυλλοστρώτους, leafy Beds.

Seu te in remoto gramine, per dies
Festos, reclinatum beâris
Interiore notâ Falerni : Hor. L. II. Od. III.

Or whether crown'd on Beds of Flow'rs,
Mirth softly drives thy easy Hours,
And chears thy Spirits with the choicest Bowl :
Creech.

VER. 2.

ODE IV.

ON HIMSELF.

ON Beds of ſofteſt Fragrance laid,
Soft Beds, of Lote and Myrtle made;
To Mirth's Enchantments I'll reſign,
And drown my Cares in roſy Wine:
Whilſt *Love*, his Robe behind him bound,
Shall ſerve the Cup with Tranſport crown'd.
Swift as the Car devours the Race,
Time ſwallows up Life's little Space;

And

VER. 2. *Soft Beds, of Lote and Myrtle made;*] The *Lotos* (ſays *Herodotus* in his *Euterpe*) reſembles a Lilly; the *Egyptians* dry it in the Sun, then take the Pulp out of it, which grows like the Head of a Poppy, and bake it as Bread.

VER. 5. *Whilſt Love, his Robe behind him bound.*] In the *Greek* it is *his Robe ty'd with Papyrus*, which was a Plant growing in the Marſhes of *Egypt*. The Ancients us'd the Bark of it as we do our Ribbans.

Succinctus patria quondam, Criſpine, papyro.
Juv. Sat. IV. Ver. 24.

VER. 12.

Ὀλίγη ὄ κεισόμεσθα
Κόνις, ὀστέων λυθέντων.
Τί σε δεῖ λίθον μυείζειν;
Τί ὄ γῆ χέειν μάταια;
Ἐμὲ μᾶλλον, ὡς ἔτι ζῶ,
Μύρισον, ῥόδοις ὄ κρᾶτα
Πύκασον, κάλει δ' ἑταίρους.
Πρὶν, Ἔρως, ἐκεῖ μ' ἀπελθεῖν
Ὑπὸ νεοτέρων χορείας,
Σκεδάσαι θέλω μυείμνας.

ΩΔΗ

VER. 12. *Or why are vain Libations ſhed?*] Meaning thoſe Sacrifices which the *Greeks* call'd χοὰς, Effuſions or Libations, which they pour'd on the Tombs of the Dead. *Virgil*, in his Third *Æneid*, introduces *Andromache* offering them to the Manes of *Hector*.

Solemnes tum forte dapes & triſtia dona, &c.
Libabat cineri Andromache, manesque vocabat
Hectoreum ad tumulum. -----

By chance, the mournful Queen before the Gate,
Then ſolemniz'd her former Husband's Fate,
Green Altars rais'd of Turf, with Gifts ſhe crown'd;
And ſacred Prieſts in Order ſtand around;
And thrice the Name of hapleſs *Hector* found.

Dryden.

VER. 16.

And our own Duſt will ſoon ſupply,
A Grave to bury Us and Joy.

Can odour'd Tombs avail the Dead?
Or, why are vain Libations ſhed?
Whilſt yet I live, your Balms prepare,
With Roſes crown me, call the Fair!
O *Cupid!* ere compell'd, I go
To revel with the Shades below,
I'll baniſh Sorrow, baniſh Care,
And firſt know ev'ry Pleaſure here.

ODE

VER. 16. *To revel with the Shades below.*] The Ancients believ'd that every one who was happy after Death, enjoy'd the ſame Diverſions in the *Elyſian* Fields, as were his Favourites when living. So *Virgil.*

Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæſtris,
Contendunt ludo, & fulvâ luctantur arenâ:
Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, & carmina dicunt.
Æn. L. 6.

Their airy Limbs in Sports they exerciſe,
And, on the Green, contend the Wreſtlers Prize.
Some, in Heroic Verſe, divinely ſing;
Others in artful Meaſures lead the Ring. *Dryden.*

VER. 3

ΩΔΗ Ε'.

Εἰς ῥόδον.

Τὸ' ῥόδον τὸ τῆς Ἐρώτων
Μίξωμεν Διονύσῳ·
Τὸ ῥόδον τὸ καλλίφυλλον
Κρατάφοισιν ἁρμόσαντες,
Πίνωμεν ἁβρὰ γελῶντες.
Ῥόδον, ὦ φέριστον ἄνθος,
Ῥόδον ἔαρος μέλημα·
Ῥόδα θ' θεοῖσι τερπνά.
Ῥόδα καὶ ὁ τᾶς Κυθήρης
Στέφεται καλοῖς ἰύλοις,
Χαρίτεσσι συγχορεύων.
Στέψον ἔν με, καὶ λυρίσω.

Παρὰ

VER. 3 and 4. *Then round our Temples let the Roſe*
Its ſilken-bloomy Leaves diſcloſe.]
The Ancients us'd Perfumes and Wreaths of Flowers in their Entertainments, becauſe they imagin'd (as *Plutarch* obſerves) that Odours hinder'd the Wine from over-powering them. And *Feſtus* adds, that ſometimes they ty'd

ODE V.

ON THE ROSE.

THE Roſe, Love's fav'rite Flow'r, let's join
To red-cheek'd *Bacchus*, God of Wine.
Then round our Temples let the Roſe
Its ſilken-bloomy Leaves diſcloſe;
Whilſt gaily-laughing all the while,
We like the Wine and Roſes ſmile.

The Roſe, of Flow'rs th' enchanting Pride;
The Roſe is Spring's enchanting Bride;
The Roſe of ev'ry God's the Joy;
With Roſes *Cytherea*'s Boy,
When dancing, he'd ſome Grace enſnare,
Adorns the Love-Nets of his Hair.

Crown me then, *Bacchus!* in thy Court,
Self-warbling to the Lyre I'll ſport.

There

ty'd Birds to their Garlands, which not only diverted them with their Songs, but by often pecking them with their Bills, and ſcratching them with their Claws, kept them from ſleeping.

VER. 13. *Crown me then*, Bacchus!] *Bacchus* was the Son of *Jupiter*, and *Semele* the Daughter of *Cadmus*

Παρὰ σοῖς, Διόνυσε, σηκοῖς,
Μετὰ κούρης βαθυκόλπου,
Ῥοδίνοισι

mus King of *Thebes*. *Apollodorus* tells us, that *Juno* being impatient of her Rival's Happineſs, took the Form of *Beroe*, *Semele*'s Nurſe, and under that Diſguiſe inſinuated to her, that to be aſſur'd of *Jupiter*'s Affection, ſhe ought to inſiſt upon his coming to her Embraces in all his Glory; but that *Semele* being unable to endure ſo much Splendor and Majeſty, fell a Sacrifice to her Curioſity and Ambition. The Child, of which ſhe had been big ſome Months, *Jupiter* took and ſew'd in his Thigh, whence *Bacchus* was call'd *Bimater*, or one who had two Mothers. His Name *Dionyſus*, which *Anacreon* uſes in this Place, was given him by the Nymphs who nurs'd him (as *Lucian* informs us) from Διὸς the Genitive of Ζεύς, *Jupiter*; and *Nyſa*, a Mountain in *India*, where he was educated. *Diodorus* relates, that he was a great Warrior, and that he carry'd his Conqueſts thro' *Aſia* over all *India*, where, finding his Troops incommoded by the exceſſive Heats, he retir'd with his Army from the Plains, into the Hollow of the Mountains, which he call'd the Thigh, and which occaſion'd the *Greeks* to feign that *Jupiter* ſew'd him in his Thigh. The *Egyptians* call him *Oſiris*: And *Thymœtes*, who was Contemporary to *Orpheus*, and wrote a Poem call'd *Phrygia*, of the Actions of *Bacchus*, expreſly ſays, that the Father of *Bacchus* was *Ammon*, a King reigning over Part of *Libya*; meaning that Part which ſubmitted to *Ammon* King of *Egypt*, and which was afterward call'd *Ammonia*. *Ammon* was alſo the *Egyptian* Name for *Jupiter*; therefore it ſeems more than probable, that *Bacchus* was no other than the famous *Seſoſtris*, or *Oſiris*, the Son of *Ammon*; and the ſame with *Seſac*, who

in

ere with ſome Nymph, whoſe Boſom's Roſe, 15
l-blown, and ripe for Tranſport glows,

Enraptur'd

he Fifth Year of *Rehoboam*, took *Jeruſalem*, and
l'd the Temple. He was painted with Bulls Horns,
iuſe he inſtructed the conquer'd Nations to plough
ı Oxen; and with Cluſters of Grapes, becauſe he
ght the Planting of the Vine; and was deſcrib'd
vn with Tigers, to denote his having ſubdued *India*,
ountry fruitful of thoſe Animals.

b. *In thy Court.*] The Original is σοῖς Σηκοῖς, *r thy Shrine.* The Σηκὸς was the Place where the ıge of the God ſtood; it was in the middle of the mple, a little rais'd, and rail'd in. *Virgil* repreſents *lo*,

Tum foribus Divæ media teſtudine Templi;
Æneid. I. V. 509.

Midſt of the Temple, juſt before the Shrine.

d *of Auguſtus* he ſays,

In medio mihi Cæſar erit --- Geor. III. V. 16
The middle Space immortal *Cæſar* claims.

VER. 15 & 16. --- *whoſe Boſom's Roſe,*
Full-blown, and ripe for Tranſport glows.]

ıe Word Βαθύκολπος. which ſignifies a *full Boſom*,
ıdam *D'Acier* tranſlates Tall, or of a fine Preſence.
t I think the genuine Senſe too beautiful, to wander
m it.

VER. 17.

Ῥοδίνοισι στεφανίσκοις
Πεπυκασμένος, χορεύσω.

Ω Δ Η ϛ'.

* Κῶμος.

Στεφάνους μὲν κροτάφοισι
Ῥοδίνους συναρμόσαντες
Μεθύομεν ἁβρὰ γελῶντες· Ὑπὸ

VER. 17. *Enraptur'd, swim th' harmonious Maze*] Dancing, amongst the ancient *Greeks*, was part of their Divine Worship; for on every solemn Festival, their young Men and Maids us'd to dance together in the Temples before the Statues of the Gods, and play upon Musical Instruments. The *Romans* had also their *Salien*, and other religious Dances. Nor must the *Hebrews* be excepted; for, not to mention their dancing about the golden Calf, which they might borrow from Idolaters, *David* himself danc'd before the Ark, & *David saltabat totis viribus ante Dominum*. 2 Reg. vi. 14.

Achilles Tatius, in his Romance of *Clitophon* and *Leucippe*, has preserv'd a fine Elogy on the Rose, attributed to *Sappho*; Ἐι τοῖς ἄνθεσιν ἤθελεν ὁ Ζεὺς ἐπιθεῖναι Βασιλῆα, τὸ ῥόδον ἂν τῶν ἀνθέων ἐβασίλευε· Γῆς ἐστι κόσμος, φυτῶν τῶν ἀγλαΐσμα· Ὀφθαλμὸς ἀνθέων, λειμῶνος ἐρύθημα, κάλλος ἀστράπτον. Ἔρωτος πνέει, Ἀφροδίτην προξενεῖ. Φύλλοις εὐειδέσιν κομᾷ. Εὐκινήτοις πετάλοις τρυφᾷ. Τὸ πέταλον τῷ Ζεφύρῳ γελᾷ.

Would

Enraptur'd, ſwim th' harmonious Maze,
Whilſt roſy Wreaths my Temples grace.

ODE VI.

* *The Feſtal.*

NOW Roſes wreath their ſweet Perfume
Around our Brows, and ſweetly bloom;
With Wine-begotten Tranſports gay,
We ſmile, and ſport dull Care away. To

Would *Jove* a Queen of Flow'rs decree,
The Roſe the Queen of Flow'rs ſhould be.
The Bluſh of Meads! the Pride of Bow'rs!
The Grace of Plants! the Eye of Flow'rs.
The Gods themſelves her Beauties move,
Fav'rite of *Venus!* Breath of Love!
What Flow'r is half ſo charming found,
As when, with full-blown Treſſes crown'd,
The Roſe in all her Bloom prevails,
And ſmiles on *Zephyr*'s gentle Gales?

Sterling's Poems.

* This Ode, in the Original, bears the ſame Title as the former; but as the Subjects are entirely different, Commentators very juſtly condemn it as a Miſtake in the Copyiſts. Madam *D'Acier* would have it call'd, *The Maſquerade*; and *Barns* entitles it, Κῶμος, which he tranſlates *Feſtivitas-Amatoria*. I have taken the ſame Liberty, and have given it as proper an Appellation as I could readily think of.

Ὑπὸ βαρβίτῳ ὦ κύρα,
Καταχίοισι βρέμονται
Πλοκάμοις φέρουσα θύρσους,
Χλιδανόσφυρος χορδύει.
Ἀβροχαίτης δ' ἅμα κῶρος,
Στομάτων ἡδὺ πνεόντων,
Κατὰ πηκτίδων ἀθύρει
Περχέων λιγεῖαν ὀμφώ.
Ὁ δ' Ἔρως ὁ χρυσοχαίτης,
Μετὰ τῦ καλῦ Λυαίυ,

Μετὰ

VER. 7. *And as with beauteous Feet she bounds.*] *Anacreon* particularly mentions the Feet, because in dancing, the Legs and Feet were expos'd to View.
D'Acier.

VER. 8. *Her ivy-circled* Thyrsis *sounds.*] The *Thyrsis* was a Pine-Staff, made like a Half-Pike, and adorn'd with Wreaths of Ivy; it was the Weapon of the *Bacchanals.*

VER. 11. *Awakes the Flute's melodious Voice.*] The Πηκτίδες here spoken of, *Scaliger* says, was an Instrument of two Strings; and the generality of Interpreters have made the Youth accompany his Musick with his Voice. But as the Word Πηκτίδες is us'd in the *Anthologia* to express a Flute, I have rather chose to render the Passage as *Baxter* has understood it, who translates Στομάτων πνεόντων by *Orificiis spirantibus*, the Stops of the Πηκτίδες or Flute.

VER. 14.

To the ſoft Lyre, with matchleſs Graee,
A Nymph flows o'er th' enchanting Maze:
And, as with beauteous Feet ſhe bounds,
Her ivy-circled *Thyrſis* ſounds.
Whilſt a gay Youth, whoſe Treſſes flow
In am'rous Curls, like *Cupid*'s Bow,
Awakes the Flute's melodious Voice,
And bids ſoft Warblings fall and riſe.
Love's little God, with golden Hair,
Lyæus, ever young and fair,

The

VER. 14. Lyæus, *ever young and fair.*] *Lyæus* was a Name given to *Bacchus*, from the *Greek* Word λύειν, to *free*, or to *chaſe away*; becauſe Wine, of which he was the God, frees the Mind from Care by chaſing away Anxiety. *Anacreon* adds the Epithet Καλὸς, *beautiful*, becauſe the Ancients always painted him young and charming. So *Ovid*.

——— Tibi enim inconſumpta Juventa eſt;
Tu puer æternus, tu formoſiſſimus alto
Conſpiceris cœlo, tibi, cum ſine cornibus aſtas,
Virgineum caput eſt: Metam. L. IV.

Eternity of Youth is thine! enjoy
Years roll'd on Years, yet ſtill a blooming Boy.
In Heav'n thou ſhin'ſt with a ſuperior Grace;
Conceal thy Horns, and it's a Virgin's Face. *Euſden.*

Μετὰ τ καλῆς Κυθήρης,
Τὰν ἐπήρατον γεραιοῖς
Κῶμον μέτεισι χαίρων.

ΩΔΗ Ζ'.

Εἰς Ἔρωτα.

Ὑπνοθίνη με ῥάβδῳ
Χαλεπῶς Ἔρως βαδίζον
Ἐκέλευσε συλλοχάζειν·

Διὰ

VER. 15. *The Queen, who gives ſoft Wiſhes Birth.*] *Cicero* reckons up four *Venus's*; the firſt, the Daughter of *Cælum*; the ſecond, *Cupid*'s Mother, who ſprung from the Foam of the Sea; the third, *Jupiter* and *Dione*'s Daughter, who marry'd *Vulcan*; and the fourth, *Tyr*, or *Aſtarte*, who was the Wife of *Adonis*.

VER. 16. *With* Comus, *God of feſtal Mirth.*] *Comus* was the God of Revelling: *Philoſtratus*, in his third Book of Pictures, repreſents him young and handſome, red-fac'd by drinking, with a lighted Flambeau in his Hand, which he holds to the Ground as if to burn his Legs with it: He is wreath'd with Flowers, and ſurrounded with Feaſtings and Pleaſures.

VER. 3.

The Queen who gives ſoft Wiſhes Birth,
With *Comus*, God of Feſtal Mirth,
(The feſtal God to old Men dear)
Come wing'd with Joy to revel here.

ODE VII.

ON CUPID.

LOVE's awful God, fair *Venus'* Son,
Compell'd me once with him to run.
His Hand a Whip of *Hyacinths* grac'd,
With which he urg'd my tim'rous Haſte.
Away

VER. 3. *His Hand a Whip of Hyacinths grac'd.*] The Hyacinth is fabled to have ſprung from the Blood of *Hyacinthus* the Son of *Amyclas*, who was belov'd by *Apollo*, and ſlain by him as they were playing together at Coits, thro' the Jealouſy of *Zephyrus*, who blew the Coit of *Apollo* at *Hyacinth*'s Head, to revenge the Slights he had received from him. Ὑακινθίνη ῥάβδος, will alſo ſignify a *Wand of a Purple or* Hyacinthian *Colour*.

The Deſign of the Poet is to ſhew us the irreſiſtible Nature of Love, who can force Obedience with the ſlighteſt Weapons, a Flower being as potent in his Hand as a Bow and Arrows. A late celebrated Writer of our own has apply'd this Truth in the following elegant manner.

Διὰ δ' ὀξέων μ' ἀναύρων,
Ξυλόχων τε καὶ φαράγγων,
Τροχάοντα πεῖρεν ὕδρος.
Κραδίη δὲ ῥινὸς ἄχρις
Ἀνέβαινε, κἂν ἀπέσβην.
Ὁ δ' Ἔρως μέτωπα σείων
Ἁπαλοῖς πτεροῖσιν, εἶπε,
Σὺ γὰρ οὐ δύνῃ φιλῆσαι.

ΩΔΗ

Flavia the least and slightest Toy
Can with resistless Art employ:
This Fan, in meaner Hands, would prove
An Engine of small Force in Love;
Yet She, with graceful Air and Mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton Motions so,
That it wounds more than *Cupid*'s Bow;
Gives Coolness to the matchless Dame,
To ev'ry other Breast a Flame.

VER. 7 & 8. *'Till 'midst our Flight, a Serpent's Sting*
Set all my trembling Soul on Wing.]
His being stung by the Serpent, was to punish him for his Insensibility. To contend with *Love*, is nothing but Vanity and Self-Torture.

VER. 11 & 12. —— *How long must I reprove?*
When will you, Rebel, learn to love!]
By this Expression *Cupid* would intimate, that if he had submitted

Away we cours'd, thro' foaming Floods,
O'er rocky Steeps, thro' ſhady Woods;
Till 'midſt our Flight, a Serpent's Sting
Set all my trembling Soul on Wing.
When *Cupid* flying to my Aid,
With downy Pinions fann'd my Head,
And cry'd, How long muſt I reprove?
When will you, Rebel, learn to love!

ODE

ſubmitted ſooner, he ſhould have ſuffered leſs. And the Facility with which he heal'd *Anacreon*, informs us, that the Pleaſures of Love eaſily make us forget the Pains of Expectation.

Mr. *Longepierre* quotes an ancient Epigram in his Remarks on this Ode, which very much reſembles the Turn of it, tho' the Fiction is different.

Lecto compoſitus, vix prima ſilentia noctis
Carpebam, & ſomno lumina victa dabam:
Cum me ſævus Amor prenſum, ſurſumque capillis
Excitat, & lacerum pervigilare jubet.
Tu Famulus meus, inquit, ames cùm mille puellas,
Solus, Io, ſolus dure jacere potes?
Exilio, & pedibus nudis, tunicaque ſoluta,
Omne iter impedio, nullum iter expedio.
Nunc propero; nunc ire piget; rurſumque redire
Pœnitet; & pudor eſt ſtare via media.
Ecce tacent voces Hominum ſtrepituſque Ferarum,
Et volucrum cantus, turbaque fida canum.

Ω Δ Η Η'.

Εἰς τὸ ἑαυτοῦ ὄνειρον.

ΔΙ'Α νυκτὸς ἐγκαθεύδων
Ἁλιπορφύροις τάπησι,
Γεγανυμένος Λυαίῳ,
Ἐδόκουν ἄκροισι ταρσοῖς
Δρόμον ὠκὺν ἐκτανύειν,
Μετὰ παρθένων ἀθύρων·
Ἐπεκερτόμουν δὲ παῖδες
Ἁπαλώτεροι Λυαίου,

Δακέ-

Solus ego ex cunctis paveo somnumque torumque,
Et sequor imperium, sæve Cupido, tuum.

With softest Down, and softer Silence blest,
I just began to welcome balmy Rest;
When cruel Love the Joys of Sleep deny'd,
And pull'd my Hair, and thus upbraiding cry'd.
Thou sigh'st to make a thousand Nymphs thy own,
And dar'st thou, Rebel, dar'st thou lie alone?
In Haste I rise, half-drest, and bare-foot run
A thousand different Ways, pursuing none.

One

ODE VIII.

ON HIS DREAM.

ONE Night, as on a purple Bed
I lean'd my Wine-enraptur'd Head;
Methought, with Nymphs as fair as Day,
I ſwiftly ran in am'rous Play;
Whilſt lovely Youths, whoſe Charms outvy'd
The ſoft *Lyæus'* blooming Pride,

With

Now urge my Speed, and now that Speed reſtrain,
Aſham'd to ſtop, and loth to turn again.
Men, Beaſts, and Birds, lie huſh'd in downy Peace,
And faithful Dogs their clam'rous Watchings ceaſe.
I, only I, to endleſs Cares betray'd,
Purſue thee, cruel *Love!* of Reſt afraid.

VER. 1. *One Night, as on a purple Bed.*] *Vigenerus*, in his Notes on the Picture of *Themiſtocles* in *Philoſtratus*, tells us, that the Ἁλιπορφύρα was a ſort of Purple more beautiful than the common. *Longepierre.*

Δακέθυμά μοι λέγοντες,
Διὰ τὰς καλὰς ἐκείνας.
Ἐθέλοντα δ' αὖ φιλῆσαι
Φύγον ἐξ ὕπνου με πάντες.
Μεμονωμένος δ' ὁ τλήμων
Πάλιν ἤθελον καθεύδειν.

ΩΔΗ

VER. 12. *And wish and sigh to sleep again.*] *Anacreon* would sleep again, to recover the Pleasure he had lost by waking from his Dream; the Gallantry of which Mr. *Longepierre* remarks, proceeded from the Gaiety of his waking Thoughts; for, as *Petronius* assures us,

Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris,
Non delubra Deûm, nec ab æthere numina mittunt;
Sed sibi quisque facit. Nam cùm prostrata sopore
Urget membra quies, & mens sine pondere ludit:
Quidquid luce fuit, tenebris agit. Oppida bello
Qui quatit, & flammis miserandas sævit in urbes;
Tela videt, versasque acies, & funera Regum,
Atque exundantes perfuso sanguine campos.
Qui causas orare solent; legesque forumque,
Et pavido cernunt inclusum corde tribunal.
Condit avarus opes, defossumque invenit aurum.
Venator saltus canibus quatit. Eripit undis,
Aut premit eversam periturus navita puppim.
Scribit amatori meretrix. Dat adultera munus.

Et

With jealous Eyes my Tranſports view'd,
And with reproachful Taunts purſu'd.
But whilſt I ſtrove to ſeize a Kiſs,
Th'enchanting Viſion fled my Bliſs!
Alone it left me to complain,
And wiſh, and ſigh to ſleep again.

ODE

Et canis in ſomnis leporis veſtigia latrat.
In noctis ſpatio miſerorum vulnera durant.

Th'illuſive Dreams which on the Mind attend,
Nor Shrines inſpire, nor from the Gods deſcend;
Each forms his own. When Nature ſleeping lies,
Theſe Mimicks of th'unburthen'd Fancy riſe.
What moſt affects the Day, at Night returns:
Thus he who ſhakes proud States, and Cities burns,
Sees Show'rs of Darts, forc'd Lines, diſorder'd Wings,
Fields drown'd in Blood, and Obſequies of Kings.
The Lawyer dreams of Terms, and double Fees,
And trembles when he long Vacation ſees.
The Miſer hides his Wealth, new Treaſure finds.
Thro' echoing Woods his Horn the Huntſman winds.
The Sailor's Dream a Shipwrack's Chance deſcribes.
The Whore writes Billet-doux: Th'Adultreſs Bribes.
The op'ning Dog the tim'rous Hare purſues:
And Miſery, in Sleep, its Pain renews.

* It

ΩΔΗ Θ'.

Εἰς περιστεράν.

Ἔρασμίη Πέλεια,
Πόθεν, πόθεν πέτασαι;
Πόθεν μύρων τοσούτων,
Ἐπ' ἠέρος θέουσα,
Πνέεις τε καὶ ψεκάζεις;

Τίς

* It was a Cuſtom amongſt the Ancients, when they ſet out on long Journies, to take tame Pidgeons with them; and when they were deſirous of ſending back any News, with more than ordinary Expedition, they let one of them fly with a Letter ty'd about its Neck; for the poor Bird would make no Stop in its Return to its Neſt and young Ones. Thoſe who are converſant with Eaſtern Voyages, need no Information that the ſame Practice is ſtill retain'd by the *Turks*, and in moſt Parts of *Barbary*. Other Birds were ſometimes employ'd in this Office, as well as Pidgeons, as appears from *Ælian. Hiſt. Animal.* L. 6. C. 7. His Words are theſe:

Ἐν τῇ Αἰγύπτῳ, φασὶ τὴν λίμνην καλυμένην Μοίριδα, ὅτι κεχοδείλων πόλις, κορώνης τάφος δείκνυται, καὶ τὴν αἰτίαν ἐκείνην Αἰγύπτιοί φασι. τῷ βασιλεῖ τῷ τῆς Αἰγυπτίων (Μάρρης δ' ἦν οὗτος ἐκαλεῖτο) ἦν κορώνης θρέμμα πανήμερον, καὶ τὴν ἐπιστολὴν ἃς ἐβάλετο

τὸ

*ODE IX.

ON A DOVE.

MY charming *Dove!* now tell me where,
And whence you wanton thro' the Air?
Come, tell me whence, and where you fly,
Diſtilling Odours thro' the Sky!

Whoſe

τό οἱ κομισθῆναι θάττον ἐκόμισεν αὐτὴ, καὶ ἦν ἀγγέλων ὠκίστη, καὶ ἀκούσασα ᾔδει ἔνθα ἰθῦναι δεῖ τὸ πτερὸν, καὶ τίνα χρὴ παραδραμεῖν χῶρον, καὶ ὅπου ἥκουσαν ἀναπαύσασθαι. ἀνθ' ὧν ἀποθανοῦσαν ὁ Μάῤῥης ἐτίμησεν αὐτὴν καὶ στήλῃ καὶ τάφῳ.

" In *Egypt*, near the Lake *Myris*, where ſtands the " City of *Crocodiles*, they ſhew the Tomb of a Jay, of " which the Natives relate this Hiſtory: They tell you, " that this Jay was brought up by one of their Kings, " call'd *Marrhes*, whoſe Letters it carry'd wherever he " pleas'd to ſend them; that when they gave it Direc- " tions, it readily underſtood which way to turn its " Flight, what Places it ſhould paſs over, and where to " ſtop. When it was dead, *Marrhes* honour'd it with " an Epitaph, and a Tomb.

VER. 4. *Diſtilling Odours thro' the Sky.*] The *Greeks* perfum'd their Birds, as we perfume our little Dogs.

Madam *D'Acier*.

VER. 7.

Τίς δῆτί σοι; Μέλει δέ.
Ἀνακρέων μ' ἔπεμψε
Πρὸς παῖδα, πρὸς Βάθυλλον,
Τὸν ἄρτι τῶ ἀπάντων
Κρατοῦντα καὶ τύραννον.
Πέπρακέ μ' ἡ Κυθήρη,
Λαβοῦσα μικρὸν ὕμνον·
Ἐγὼ δ' Ἀνακρέοντι
Δικονῶ τοσαῦτα.
Καὶ νῦν οἵας ἐκείνα
Ἐπιστολὰς κομίζω·
Καί φησιν, ἐλθέως με
Ἐλεύθερον ποιήσειν.

Ἐγὼ

VER. 7. *To young* Bathyllus, *lovely Boy.*] *Bathyllus* was a young *Samian* of extreme Beauty Belov'd, by *Polycrates* and *Anacreon*, whoſe Paſſion for him is taken notice of by *Horace* in his 14th *Epod.*

Non aliter Samio dicunt arſiſſe Bathyllo
Anacreonta Teïum:
Qui perſæpe cava teſtudine flevit amorem,
Non elaboratum ad pedem.

Thus ſoft *Anacreon* for *Bathyllus* burn'd,
And oft his Love he ſadly mourn'd:

He

Whoſe art thou? for I fain would know.
DOVE.
Anacreon's ſwift-wing'd Poſt I go,
To young *Bathyllus*, lovely Boy!
Who bloom'd by Beauty's Hand for Joy,
Now reigns, of Beauty's Pow'r poſſeſt,
Th'unrivall'd King of ev'ry Breaſt.
Fair *Venus*, to the *Teian* Bard,
Gave Me, a little Hymn's Reward.
And now, his ever-faithful Dove,
I ſerve as Meſſenger of Love;
And on my downy Pinions bear
Theſe tender Billets, pleaſing Care!
For which he kindly promis'd me,
At my Return to ſet me free.

But

He to his Harp did various Grief rehearſe,
And wept in an *unlabour'd* Verſe. *Greek.*

VER. 12. *Gave Me, a little Hymn's Reward.*] Madam *D'Acier* obſerves, that *Anacreon* could not point out the Value of his Performances in a more beautiful manner, than by ſaying, That *Venus* made no Difficulty of parting with one of her favourite Doves, for only a little Hymn of his compoſing. This Paſſage is a ſufficient Confutation of thoſe who imagine, that our Poet was the Author of nothing but Odes.

VER. 31.

Ἐγὼ δὲ, κἢν ἀφῇ με,
Δούλη μενῶ παρ' αὐτῷ·
Τί γάρ με δεῖ πέταιος
Ὄρη τε καὶ κατ' ἀγρούς,
Καὶ δένδρεσιν καθίζειν,
Φαγοῦσαν ἄγριόν τι;
Τανῦν ἔδω μὲν ἄρτον
Ἀφαρπάσασα χειρῶν
Ἀνακρέοντος αὐτοῦ·
Πιεῖν δέ μοι δίδωσι
Τὸν οἶνον ὃν προπίνει.

Πιοῦσα

VER. 31. *Or sip with him the Nectar'd Bowl.*] The Dove extols the Bounty of his Master, for admitting him to drink of the same Wine as himself; because it was an Indulgence never allowed by the Ancients, to any but their favourite Servants. *Homer* makes it a Mark of Distinction, which *Achilles* pays to *Ajax*, *Ulysses*, and *Phœnix*. Il. ί. Ver. 202.

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας, προτέρω ἄγε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
Εἷσεν δ' ἐν κλισμοῖσι, τάπησί τε πορφυρέοισιν·
Αἶψα δὲ Πάτροκλον προσεφώνεεν ἐγγὺς ἐόντα,
Μείζονα δὴ κρητῆρα, Μενοιτίου υἱὲ, καθίστα,

Ζωρο-

But tho' he ſhould my Freedom give,
Yet ſtill, with him I'd always live:
For why, ſolicitous of Change,
Should I, inſenſate, wiſh to range?
Or o'er the Deſart Mountains ſtray,
Or perching, murmur Life away;
Or wand'ring thro' the lonely Wood,
Regale on Berries, ruſtick Food!
Since now, Oh charming! I can ſtand
Soft-cooing on *Anacreon*'s Hand,
And peck the ſnowy Crumbs which he,
Delightful Maſter! gives to me:
Or ſip with him the Nectar'd Bowl,
Delightful Sips! which chear the Soul.

Then

Ζωρότερον δ' κέραιρε, Πάτρας δ' ἔνδυνον ἑκάστῳ·
Οἱ γὰρ φίλτατοί ἀνδρες ἐμῷ ὑπέασι μελάθρῳ.

With that the Chiefs beneath his Roof he led,
And plac'd in Seats with purple Carpets ſpread.
Then thus ---- *Patroclus*, crown a larger Bowl,
Mix purer Wine, and open ev'ry Soul.
Of all the Warriors yonder Hoſt can ſend,
Thy Friend moſt honours theſe, and theſe thy Friend.
Pope.

And *Ahaſuerus*, in his magnificent Feaſt, *Eſth.* i. 7. when he would pay a particular Compliment to his Subjects, gave them Royal Wine in abundance.

VER. 4.

Πιῦσα δ' ἂν χορεύσω,
Καὶ δεσπότην ἐμοῖσι
Πτεροῖσι συγκαλύψω,
Κοιμωμένη δ' ἐπ' αὐτῷ
Τῷ βαρβίτῳ καθεύδω.

Ἔχεις ἅπαντ', ἄπελθε·
Λαλιστέραν μ' ἔθηκας,
Ἄνθρωπε, καὶ Κορώνης.

Ω Δ Η Γ΄.

Εἰς Ἔρωτα κηρινόν.

Ἔρωτα κηρινόν τις
Νεηνίης ἐπώλει.
Ἐγὼ δέ οἱ παραστὰς,
Πόσου θέλεις, ἔφην, σοὶ
Τὸ τεύχθεν ὀκπρίωμαι;

Ὁ

VER. 4. *Ev'n what you list, the Rustick cries.*] The Expression ὁππόσου λῇς is *Dorian*, which was the most Rustick Dialect amongst the *Greeks*, and for that Reason employ'd by *Theocritus* to beautify his Pastorals. *Anacreon*

Then dance, perhaps, or fondling ſpread
My flutt'ring Wings around his Head:
Or on his Lyre repoſe to Reſt,
While Dreams of Muſick ſooth my Breaſt.
Adieu, dear Stranger! pr'ythee go,
You've all that you deſir'd to know.
Hence, I entreat you, hence away!
You've made me prattle like a Jay.

ODE X.

On a Waxen Image of CUPID.

A YOUTH, expoſing to be ſold,
A Waxen *Love* of beauteous Mold,
With wing'd Demand I aſk'd the Price:
Ev'n what you liſt, the Ruſtick cries;
I peaceful

creon very elegantly makes his Youth ſpeak in this manner, to ridicule the Unpoliteneſs of a Perſon, who could be ſo ignorant of the Charms of Love, as to deſire to part with it.

VER. 10.

Ὁ δ' εἶπε Δωριάζων,
Λάβ' αὐτὸν ὁππόσου λῇς.
Ὅμως δ' ἵν' ἐκμάθῃς πᾶν,
Οὐκ εἰμι κηροτέχνας.
Ἀλλ' οὐ θέλω συνοικῆν
Ἔρωτι παντορέκτᾳ.
Δὸς οὖν, δὸς αὐτὸν ἡμῖν
Δραχμῆς, καλὸν σύνευνον.
Ἔρως, σὺ δ' εὐθέως με
Πύρωσον· εἰ δὲ μὴ, σὺ
Κατὰ φλογὸς τακήσῃ.

ΩΔΗ

VER. 10. *Here's Gold! — Give me the heav'nly Boy.*] The Price offer'd in the Original, is a Drachm, which was an *Attic* Coin, worth about Seven-pence Halfpenny of our Money.

VER. 13 & 14. *That Instant you shall melt away,*
To more ignoble Flames a Prey.

It was no unusual thing with the Ancients to threaten their Gods, as well as to pray to them. *Herodotus* informs us, that *Xerxes* was so enrag'd for the Loss of his Bridge of Boats on the *Hellespont*, that he order'd the Sea to be scourg'd, to revenge himself on *Neptune*. And the modern *Indians*, when any Misfortune befalls them, whip their Idols. *Theocritus* has a very remarkable Passage to this Purpose, in his seventh *Idyllium*, where he makes a Shepherd address his God in this manner:

Κἦν μὲ ταῦθ' ἕρδοις, ὦ Πὰν φίλε, μή τύ τι παῖδες
Ἀρκαδικοὶ σκίλλαισιν ὑπὸ πλευράς τε καὶ ὤμους
Τανύκα μαστίσδοιεν, ὄκκα κρέα τυτθὰ παρείη·

Εἰ

I practiſe not the mimick Arts,
Nor form'd this Potentate of Hearts;
But *Love*, an ever-wiſhing Gueſt,
No more ſhall wanton on my Breaſt.
Then let him ſport on mine, ſaid I,
Here's Gold! — Give me the heav'nly Boy.
But, *Cupid!* if you fail to fire
My Breaſt with am'rous ſoft Deſire,
That Inſtant you ſhall melt away,
To more ignoble Flames a Prey.

ODE

Εἴ δ' ἄλλως νεύσαις, κτ' μ' χρόα παντ' ὀνύχεσσι
Δακνόμενος κνάσαιο, καὶ ἐν κνίδαισι καθεύδοις.
Εἴης δ' Ἠδωνῶν μ' ἐν ὤρεσι χείματι μέσῳ,
Ἕβρον παρ' ποταμὸν τετραμμένος, ἐγγύθεν ἄρκτου.
Ἐν δὲ θέρει πυμάτοισι παρ' Αἰθιόπεσσι νομεύοις,
Πέτρᾳ ὑπὸ Βλεμύων, ὅθεν οὐκέτι Νεῖλος ὁρατός.

O Sacred *Pan!* if thou indulge my Pray'r
May no *Arcadian* Youths their Scourges rear,
Nor for neglected Flocks thy Shoulders tear.
But may'ſt thou, if thy Suppliant thou deny,
Torn by revengeful Nails, on Nettles lie!
On *Edon's* Hills, where lazy *Heber* flows,
May'ſt thou all Winter freeze 'midſt chilling Snows;
And with black *Æthiops* curſe the Summer-heats,
Where, under *Blemyan* Rocks, ſcorch'd *Nile* retreats.

VER. 4.

ΩΔΗ ΙΑ'.

Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Λέγουσιν αἱ γυναῖκες,
Ἀνακρέων, γέρων εἶ·
Λαβὼν ἔσοπτρον ἄθρει
Κόμας μὲν οὐκέτ' οὔσας,
Ψιλὸν δέ σου μέτωπον. 5
Ἐγὼ

VER. 4. *Fall'n is thy Hair, quite fall'n away!*] The Hair was very much regarded amongſt the Ancients, and eſteem'd by them as a principal Part of Beauty. *Petronius* deſcribes the Loſs of it in the following elegant manner:

Quod ſummum formæ decus eſt, cecidere capilli,
Vernantesque comas triſtis abegit hyems.
Nunc umbra nudata ſuæ jam tempora mœrent,
Areaque attritis nidet aduſta pilis.
O fallax natura Deum! quæ prima dediſti
Ætati noſtræ gaudia, prima rapis.
Infœlix, modo crinibus nitebas,
Phœbo pulchrior, & ſorore Phœbi:
At nunc lævior aëre, vel rotundo

Horti

ODE XI.

ON HIMSELF.

I'M often by the Women told,
Alas! *Anacreon*, thou grow'ſt old:
Here, in this Glaſs thyſelf ſurvey,
Fall'n is thy Hair, quite fall'n away!
No Ringlets wanton o'er thy Brow,
It's all a Field of Baldneſs now.

But

Horti tubere, quod creavit unda,
Ridentes fugis, & times puellas.
Ut mortem citiùs venire credas,
Scito jam capitis periſſe partem.

Beauty is fall'n! thy Hair's ſoft Vernal Grace,
To Wint'ry Baldneſs gives untimely Place.
Thy injur'd Temples mourn their raviſh'd Shade,
Waſte, like a ſtubbled Field, thy Brow is laid.
Fallacious Gods! your treach'rous Gifts how vain!
You only give us Joy, to give us Pain.
Unhappy Youth! but late thy curling Gold
Ev'n *Phœbus'* Self might envy to behold;
But now for Smoothneſs, not the liquid Air,
Nor Wave-born Tuber can with thee compare.

The

Εγὼ δ' τὰς κόμας μὴ,
Εἴτ' εἰσὶν, εἴτ' ἀπῆλθον,
Οὐκ οἶδα, τοῦτο δ' οἶδα,
Ὡς τῷ γέροντι μᾶλλον
Πρέπει τὸ τερπνὰ παίζειν,
Ὅσῳ τέλας τὰ Μοίρης.

ΩΔΗ

The Laughter-loving Maids you fly, and fear;
And Death, with haſty ſteps, will ſoon be here.
His fatal Night already clouds your Morn,
Beauty is fall'n! and thy gay Locks are ſhorn.

Horace ſays of our Author, that he wrote *non elaboratum ad pedem*, artleſly elegant. And the inimitable Eaſe which abounds in the Original of this Ode, is an Inſtance, amongſt many others, how juſtly he deſerves that Character. We have an Imitation of it in an Epigram of *Palladas' Antholog.* L. 2. pag. 175.

Γηραλέον με γυναῖκες ὑποσκώπτουσι, λέγουσαι
Εἰς τὸ κάτοπτρον ὁρᾶν λεύκανον ἡλικίης.

Αλλ'

But whether ſtill ſoft-curls my Hair,
Or flying hence, has left me bare,
I know not; this, indeed I know,
If, as they tell me, old I grow,
It's time to ſnatch ſhort Joys from Fate,
And haſte to live ere it's too late.

ODE

Αλλ' ἐγὼ οἱ λευκὰς φορέω τείχας, ὅτε μελαίνας,
Οὐκ ἀλέγω, βιότε πρὸς τέλος ἐρχόμενος.
Εὐόδμοις ὑμέναισι, καὶ ἐυπετάλοις στεφάνοισι,
Τῷ Βερμίῳ πάνυ φρονίδας ἀργαλέας.

The Fair, inſulting cry, becauſe I'm old,
Here, in this Glaſs thy winter'd Spring behold!
But whether White, or youthful Black my Hair,
Juſt ſtepping out of Life, I little care.
Around my od'rous Brows I Roſes twine,
And drown Solicitude in roſy Wine.

VER. 3

Ω Δ Η ΙΒ'.

Εἰς χελιδόνα.

Τί σοι θέλεις ποιήσω;
Τί σοι λάλη χελιδών;
Τὰ ταρσά σου τὰ κῦφα,
Θέλεις, λαβὼν ψαλίξω;
Ἢ μᾶλλον ἔνδοθέν σου
Τὴν γλῶσσαν, ὡς ὁ Τηρεύς
Ἐκεῖνος, ἐκθερίξω;

Τί

VER. 3 & 4. *Shall my Steel invade thy Wings,*
Clipping thence their airy Rings?]
Perhaps *Anacreon* gave the Epithet κῦφον, *Light*, to the Wings of the Swallow; becauſe, as *Pliny* remarks, *Volucrum ſoli hirundini, flexuoſi volatus velox celeritas*; the Swallow is the only Bird which flies ſwift in a Ring or mazy Flight.

VER. 5. *Or ſhall I a* Tereus *play.*] *Tereus* was King of *Thrace*; he marry'd *Progné* the Daughter of *Pandion*, King of *Athens*; but being afterwards taken with the Beauty of her Siſter *Philomela*, he raviſh'd her, and to conceal his Crime, cut out her Tongue and impriſon'd her; but *Progné* being inform'd of her Siſter's Misfortune,

ODE XII.

ON A SWALLOW.

CHATT'RER! What Revenge of mine
Equal can this Crime of thine?
Shall my Steel invade thy Wings,
Clipping thence their airy Rings?
Or ſhall I a *Tereus* play,
Shall I tear thy Tongue away?

Why

Misfortune, by a Piece of Embroidery which ſhe had the Addreſs to ſend her, to revenge herſelf of her inceſtuous Husband, kill'd the Son ſhe had by him, call'd *Itys*, and had his Fleſh ſerv'd up for him to eat: Being purſued by *Tereus*, ſhe was chang'd by the Gods into a Swallow, *Philomela* into a Nightingale, *Tereus* into a Lapwing, and *Itys* into a Pheaſant. The Story is told at large by *Ovid*, in the Sixth Book of his *Metamorphoſes*. But it's remarkable, that *Anacreon*, in this Paſſage, contradicts the received Opinion, and makes *Philomela* the Perſon chang'd into a Swallow. *Servius*, the Scholiaſt of *Virgil*, is of the ſame Sentiment; as is alſo *Apollodorus*, and *Homer* himſelf, *Odyſſ.* L. 19.

Τί μοι καλῶν ὀνείρων,
Ὑπορθρίαισι φωναῖς
Ἀφήρπασας Βάθυλλον; 10

ΩΔΗ

VER. 7. *Why with early tuneleſs Noiſe.*] No Birds ſing ſo early in the Morning as Swallows. *Virgil* ſpeaks of them when he ſays,

Et matutini volucrum ſub culmine cantus.

And Songs of early Birds invite to riſe. *D'Acier.*

VER. 10. *Snatch'd* Bathyllus *from my Arms.*] Madam *D'Acier*, in her Remark on this Line, cites the following beautiful Paſſage from *Horace*, L. 4. Ode 1.

Nocturnis te ego ſomniis
Jam captum teneo: jam volucrem ſequor
Te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

Thee, thee, my lovely Boy,
Now, now I claſp, and now in Dreams
Purſue o'er Fields and Streams;
Thee, thee, my Dear, my flying Joy. *Creech.*

Agathias has given us a very elegant Imitation of this Ode in an Epigram of his *Anthelog.* L. 7. p. 461.

Πᾶσαν

Why with early tuneleſs Noiſe,
Envious of my ſlumb'ring Joys;
Haſt thou, with thy rude Alarms,
Snatch'd *Bathyllus* from my Arms?

ODE

Πᾶσαν ἐγὼ τὴν νύκτα κινύρομαι· εὖτε δ' ἐπέλθῃ
Ορθρος, ἐλιννῦσαι μικρὰ χαριζόμενος.
Αμφιπεριτρύζουσι χελιδόνες· ἐς δέ με δάκρυ
Βάλλουσι, γλυκερὸν κῶμα παρωσάμεναι.
Ω φθονεραὶ παύσασθε λαλητείδες· οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγε
Τὴν φιλομηλείην γλῶσσαν ἀπεθεισάμην.
Αλλ' Ιτυλον κλαίοιτε κατ' οὔρεα, καὶ γοάοιτε
Εἰς αἶπος, κραναὴν αὖλιν ἐφεζόμεναι,
Βαιὸν ἵνα κνώσσοιμεν. ἴσως δέ τις ἥξει ὄνειρος
Ος με Ροδανθείοις πήχεσιν ἀμφιβάλοι.

All Night my Eyes their am'rous Vigil keep,
And ſoon as Morn indulges balmy Sleep,
Theſe chatt'ring Swallows in rude Notes complain,
And wake me from my Joys to Grief again.
Hence, envious Praters! why to me this Wrong?
I robb'd not *Philomela* of her Tongue.
On Deſart Hills unhappy *Itys* mourn,
Leave me in Peace to wooe ſoft Sleep's Return.
Perhaps ſome gentle Dream, profuſe of Charms,
May bring the fair *Rhodanthe* to my Arms.

ΩΔΗ ΙΓ'.

Εἰς Ἑαυτόν.

Οἱ μῦθοι, καλὸν Κυβήβην
Τὸν ἡμίθηλυν Ἄττιν
Ἐν ὄρεσιν βοῶντα,
Λέγουσιν ἐκμανῆναι·

Οἱ

VER. 1. *Soft* Attys, *as we're told by Fame.*] *Attys* was a young *Phrygian* of great Beauty, and paſſionately belov'd by *Cybele* the Mother of the Gods, who ſet him to preſide over her Myſteries, on Condition he preſerv'd his Virginity; but he having violated it, *Cybele*, to puniſh his Incontinence, afflicted him with Madneſs; in the Tranſports of which, he cut away the Diſtinction of his Sex, and had ſlain himſelf, if the Goddeſs had not chang'd him into a Pine-Tree. *Lucian* ſays he was a *Lydian*, and that he was the firſt who taught the Myſteries of *Cybele* to the *Lydians*, *Phrygians*, and *Samothracians*

Macrobius tells us, that by *Attys*, the Ancients underſtood the *Sun*. *Attys*, ſays he, is figured with a Pipe and a Rod; with a Pipe, to ſignify the various Temperatures of the Air, becauſe, in Winds which owe their Being to the Sun, there is no Equality; and with a Rod, to denote the Power of the Sun, whoſe Influence governs all things. But *Porphyrius* informs us, that by the Caſtration

ODE XIII.

ON HIMSELF.

SOFT *Attys*, as we're told by Fame,
When to reſound fair *Rhea*'s Name,
He o'er the echoing Mountains flew,
Stark-mad with Heav'n-born Frenzy grew.

And

Caſtration of *Attys*, and his being turn'd into a Pine, is meant the Barrenneſs of all thoſe Trees, which either bear no Fruit, or ſhed it in the Bloom. And *Julius Firmicus* interprets the Fable of Corn, and other Fruits of the Earth, which, when cut with a Hook or Sickle, die in the Granary, and revive in the Seed when ſown.

VER. 2. *When to reſound fair* Rhea's *Name.*] *Rhea*, otherwiſe call'd *Magna Mater*, and from the Places where ſhe was worſhipp'd, *Berecynthia*, *Peſſinuntia*, *Dindymene*, *Mygdonia*, and *Idæa Phrygia*, was fabled to be the Daughter of *Cœlus*: But *Lucian* tells us, ſhe was *Europa*, the Daughter of *Agenor* the *Phœnician*, and the Mother of *Minos* the *Cretan Jupiter*. Her Name, *Cybele*, or *Cybebe*, which *Anacreon* uſes in this Place, was given her, as *Diodorus* informs us, by *Cybele* the Daughter of *Meones*, King of *Phrygia*; for when ſhe and her Son *Corybas* return'd into *Phrygia*, after the Death of her Husband *Jaſius*, they carried thither the Myſteries

Οἱ δὲ Κλάρου παρ' ὄχθαις
Δαφνηφόροιο Φοίβου
Λάλον πιόντες ὕδωρ,
Μεμηνότες βοῶσιν.

'Εγὼ

of the Mother of the Gods, and *Cybele* call'd the Goddess after her Name, and *Corybas* call'd her Priests *Corybantes*.

By the Name of *Cybele*, or *Rhea*, *Varro* tells us, the Ancients worshipp'd the Earth. She was represented in the Form of a Woman, sitting in a Chariot drawn by Lions, with a Drum in her Hand, and a *Corona Turrita* on her Head, like *Astarte* and *Isis*.

VER. 5. *And those who taste the* Clarien *Flood.*] *Claros* was a little Town near the City *Colophon* in *Ionia*, which had a Fountain consecrated to *Apollo*. *Anacreon* calls the Water, λάλον, because those who drank of it were immediately seiz'd with a Divine Fury, and deliver'd Oracles. *Tacitus*, in the Second Book of his *Annals*, gives us the following Account of it; speaking of *Germanicus*, he says, *Appellitque Colophona, ut Clarii Apollinis oraculo uteretur. Non fœmina illic, ut apud Delphos; sed certis è familiis, & fermè Mileto accitus sacerdos, numerum modò consultantium & nomina audit: tum in specum digressus, haustâ fontis arcani aquâ, ignarus plerumque litterarum & carminum, edit responsa versibus compositis super rebus quas quis mente concepit.* He touch'd at *Colophon*, to consult the Oracle of *Apollo Clarius*. It is not a Woman who delivers the Oracles there, as at *Delphos*, but a Man, who is chose out of certain Families, and very often fetch'd from *Miletus*; he only informs himself of the Number and Names of the Consulters;

And thoſe who taſte the *Clarien* Flood,
To *Daphne*-crown'd *Apollo* vow'd,
Inſpir'd by the Prophetick Wave,
With more than Mortal Fury rave.

Me

ſulters; after which he deſcends into a Grotto, where, having drank of the myſterious Water, he anſwers to the Thoughts of his Enquirers in Verſe, tho' for the moſt part he's an illiterate Perſon, and entirely ignorant of Poeſy.

VER. 6. *To* Daphne-*crown'd* Apollo *vow'd.*] *Apollo* was the God of Phyſick, Poetry, and Muſick; and, according to *Ovid*, the Son of *Jupiter* and *Latona*: *Cicero* tells us, that there were four *Apollos*, and that the moſt ancient was the Son of *Vulcan*; but *Heſiod* makes him the Son of *Hyperion* and *Thea*,

Θείᾳ δ' Ἠελίόν τε μέγαν, λαμπρήν τε Σελήνην,
Ἠῶ θ', ἣ πάντεσσιν ἐπιχθονίοισι φαείνει,
Ἀθανάτοις τε θεοῖς, τοὶ οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἔχουσι,
Γείνατ', ὑποδμηθεῖσ' Ὑπερίονος ἐν φιλότητι.

From beauteous *Thea* and *Hyperion*'s Flame,
Great *Helius*, and the bright *Selene* came:
With fair *Aurora*, who o'er Earth diſplays,
And thro' the Courts of Heav'n, her chearful Rays.

Diodorus ſeems to confirm this Opinion of *Heſiod*'s; for he writes, that *Helius* and *Selene* were the Children of *Hyperion* and *Baſilea*, who were the Children of *Uranus* and *Titæa*, King and Queen of *Egypt*. *Uranus* conquer'd the *Atlantides*, a People of *Æthiopia*; and *Hyperion*

Ἐγὼ δ', τῷ Λυαίῳ,
Καὶ τῷ μύρῳ χορεύσεις,
Καὶ τ' ἐμῆς ἑταίρης,
Θέλω, θέλω μανῆναι.

ΩΔΗ

rion was ſlain by his Brothers, who drowned his Son *Helius* in the *Nile*. But there was no King of *Egypt* who conquer'd *Æthiopia*, before *Ammon* the Father of *Oſiris*; and therefore *Hyperion* was *Oſiris*, and *Helius* was the ſame with *Orus*, the Grandſon of *Ammon*, and the *Apollo* of the *Greeks*; for *Helius* is the *Greek* Name for *Apollo*. *Pauſanias* likewiſe informs us, that his Worſhip came originally from *Egypt*; for he tells us, that one *Antoninus*, a *Roman* Senator, built a Temple at *Epidaurus*, to *Apollo* and *Æſculapius*, *Egyptian* Gods. He was figur'd with a Harp, to denote his Skill in Muſick and Poetry; and with a Bow and Arrows, to ſignify the Rays of the Sun, of which he was the God.

Anacreon calls him *Daphne*-crown'd *Apollo*, becauſe, when *Daphne* the Daughter of *Peneus*, a River-God, eſcap'd his amorous Purſuit, by being chang'd into a Laurel, he conſecrated that Tree to himſelf; as *Ovid* tells us, in his Relation of that Metamorphoſe.

Cui Deus: At quoniam conjux mea non potes eſſe,
Arbor eris certe, dixit, mea; ſemper habebunt

Te

Me *Bacchus* fires, he ſwells each Vein,
Gay Odours charm my raptur'd Brain;
Beauty forbids her Slave to ſigh,
And I'll be mad, ſtark mad with Joy.

ODE

Te coma, te Citharæ, te noſtræ, Laure, Pharetræ.

To whom the God. --- Becauſe thou canſt not be
My Miſtreſs, I eſpouſe thee for my Tree:
Be thou the Prize of Honour and Renown;
The deathleſs Poet and the Poem crown. *Dryden.*

VER. 12. *And I'll be mad, ſtark mad with Joy.*] *Horace* has expreſs'd himſelf in the ſame manner,

——— *recepto*
Dulce mihi furere eſt amico.

I muſt be mad, ———
'Tis decent at the Welcome of a Friend.
Creech.

And in another Place,

Dulce eſt deſipere in loco.

A well-tim'd Madneſs is our chiefeſt Joy.

VER. 10.

Ω Δ Η ΙΔ'.

Εἰς Ἔρωτα.

Θέλω, θέλω φιλῆσαι.——
Ἔπειθ' Ἔρως φιλεῖν με,
Ἐγὼ δ' ἔχων νόημα
Ἄβουλον, οὐκ ἐπείσθην.
Ὁ δ' εὐθὺ τόξον ᾄρας,
Καὶ χρυσέην φαρέτρην,
Μάχῃ με προὐκαλεῖτο.
Κἀγὼ λαβὼν ἐπ' ὤμων
Θώρηχ', ὅπως Ἀχιλλεὺς,
Καὶ δοῦρα, καὶ βοείην,
Ἐμαρνάμην Ἔρωτι.
Ἔβαλλ'· ἐγὼ δ' ἔφευγον,
Ὡς δ' οὐκ ἔτ' εἶχ' ὀϊστοὺς,

Ἤσχαλ-

VER. 10. *And shook my Spear, and grasp'd my Shield.*] Mr, *Longepierre*, in his Remark on this Line, cites an ancient Epigram, where, instead of *Spear* and *Shield*, the Combatant arms himself with *Reason* against the Attacks of *Love*.

Ὥπ-

ODE XIV.

ON CUPID.

I WILL, I will *Love*'s Pow'r obey,
Love woo'd me long to own his Sway;
But when with thoughtleſs Scorn elate,
I mock'd Submiſſion to his State,
He ſnatch'd his Bow and Quiver'd Pride,
And to fierce Combat me defy'd.
In haſte to my Defence I flew,
My Mail acroſs my Shoulders threw;
Like ſome *Achilles* brav'd the Field,
And ſhook my Spear, and graſp'd my Shield.
With *Love* I enter'd Rebel-fight,
He wing'd his Darts, I wing'd my Flight.

Till

Ὡπλισμαι πρὸς Ἔρωτα πρὸ στέρνοισι λογισμόν.
Οὐδέ με νικήσει, μὴν θ' ἑὼν πρὸς ἕνα.
Θνατὸς δ' Ἀθανάτῳ συνελάσσομαι· ἦν ὃ βοηθὸν
Βάκχον ἔχῃ, τί μόνῳ πρὸς δύ' ἐγὼ δώσαμαι;

With

Ἤχαλλεν, εἰθ' ἑαυτὸν
Ἀφῆκεν εἰς βέλεμνον.
Μέσῳ. ὦ καρδίης μοῦ
Ἔδυνε καί μ' ἔλυσε.
Μάτην δ' ἔχω βοείην·
Τί γὰρ βαλώμεθ' ἔξω,
Μάχης ἔσω μ' ἐχούσης;

ΩΔΗ ΙΕ'.

Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Ὀΐ μοι μέλει Γύγαω
Τῷ Σάρδεων ἄνακτι·
Οὔθ' αἱρέει με χρυσὸς,
Οὐδὲ φθονῶ τυραννοις·

Ἐμοὶ

With Reaſon arm'd, I dare with Love contend,
Nor to the God, whilſt one to one, will bend.
But, if to *Cupid*'s Aid great *Bacchus* fly,
How can one Mortal two ſuch Gods defy?

VER. 13. *'Till having ſpent his feather'd Store.*] The Poet tells us, that Love ſhot all his Darts at him, to expreſs his violent Propenſity to that Paſſion. We have the

Till having ſpent his Feather'd Store,
When that ſupply'd Revenge no more,
Enflam'd with Rage, a living Dart,
He ſhot himſelf into my Heart;
Diſſolv'd my Soul, and revell'd there;
In vain a uſeleſs Shield I rear,
An outward Guard to Folly turns,
When in my Breaſt the Battle burns.

ODE XV.

ON HIMSELF.

RICH in Pleaſures, I diſdain
Sardian Gyges' wealthy Reign.
Gold's a Folly that has Wings;
Mirth's too great to envy Kings.

All

the ſame Complaint in an Epigram, *Antholog.* L. 7. p. 457.

Μηκέτι τις πλήξεις Πόθε βέλη· ἰοδόκην γὰρ
Εἰς ἐμὲ λάθεος Ἔρως ἐξεκένωσεν ὅλην.

Let none afraid of *Cupid*'s Arrows be,
The God has ſpent his Quiver all on me.

VER. 2. Sardian Gyges' *wealthy Reign.*] *Gyges* attain'd

Ἐμοὶ μέλει μύροισι
Καταβρέχειν ὑπήνην·
Ἐμοὶ μέλει ῥόδοισι
Καταστέφειν κάρηνα.
Τὸ σήμερον μέλει μοι·
Τὸ δ' αὔριον τίς οἶδεν;

Ἕως

tain'd the Crown of *Lydia* by the following Accident, as *Herodotus* informs us. His Master *Candaules* having a very beautiful Queen, was so vain of his Happiness, that he could not rest till he had privately admitted his Favourite *Gyges* to see her naked; which she discovering, was so exasperated at the Affront, that she sent for *Gyges*, and gave him his Choice, either immediate Death, or to kill *Candaules*, and take her and the Kingdom for his Reward. *Gyges* proving afterwards a Prince of great Prudence and Intelligence, was fabled to have a Ring by which he could render himself invisible wherever he pleas'd. *Sardis* was the Name of his Metropolis, which was so wealthy, that its Riches became a Proverb.

VER. 9 & 10. *Court the present Hour to stay,*
Fate mayn't have another Day.]

An Epigram in the *Anthologia* gives the same agreeable Advice.

Πῖνε, καὶ ἀφραίνου· τί γὰρ αὔριον, ἢ τί τὸ μέλλον
Οὐδεὶς γινώσκει. μὴ τρέχε, μὴ κοπία.
Ὡς δύνασαι, χάρισαι, μετάδος, φάγε, θνητὰ λογίζου,
Τὸ ζῆν τοῦ μὴ ζῆν οὐδὲν ὅλως ἀπέχει.

Πᾶς

All th'Ambition that I know,
Is with Odours to o'erflow,
Rosy Wreaths to bind my Hair,
Rosy Wreaths are all my Care.
Court the present Hour to stay,
Fate mayn't have another Day.

Whilst

Πᾶς ὁ βίος τοῖος δέ, ῥοπὴν μόνον ἂν προλάβῃ τις.
Ἂν δὲ θανῇς, ἑτέρου πάντα, σὺ δ' οὐδὲν ἔχεις.

None know the Morrow; drink, and sweetly smile,
Give Fate thy Cares, and cease thy anxious Toil;
Indulge thy Taste, the present Hour enjoy,
Remember, to be born is but to die.
He only lives, who lives to Pleasure free,
Thy treasur'd Heaps will soon another's be.

Horace says the same.

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere: &
Quem sors dierum cumque dabit, lucro
Appone: nec dulces amores
Sperne puer, neque tu choreas;
Donec virenti canities abest
Morosa: ——— Od. 9. Lib. 1.

To-morrow, and her Works defy;
Lay hold upon the present Hour,
And snatch the Pleasures passing by,
To put them out of Fortune's Pow'r:
Nor Love, nor Love's Delights disdain,
Whate'er thou get'st to Day is Gain. *Dryden.*

VER. 1.

Ἕως ἐν ἔτ' εὐδὶ ἐστὶ,
Καὶ πῖνε καὶ κύβευε,
Καὶ σπένδε τῷ Λυαίῳ.
Μὴ Νεῦσος, ἤν τις ἔλθῃ,
Λέγῃ, Σὲ μηδὲ πίνειν.

Ω Δ Η Ιϛ'.

Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Σὺ μὲν λέγεις τὰ Θήβης,
Ὁ δ' αὖ Φρυγῶν ἀϋτὰς,

Ἐγὼ

VER. 1. Thebes' *fatal Wars your Muse recites.*] The Poet alludes to the famous War of the seven Captains against *Thebes*, occasion'd by *Eteocles* the Son of *Oedipus*, denying his Brother *Polynices* his Turn in the Kingdom, tho' they had agreed to reign alternately: The two Brothers kill'd each other, and their Mother *Jocasta* slew herself for Grief. *Æschylus* has wrote a Tragedy, and *Statius* an Heroic Poem on the Subject.

VER. 2. *He sings of* Phrygia's *clam'rous Fights.*] Meaning the *Trojan* War, in which the *Greeks* engag'd for the Recovery of *Helen*, the Queen of *Menelaus*, King of *Sparta*, whom *Paris* had stolen from her Husband. *Anacreon* calls the *Phrygians* clam'rous, because, as *Homer* tells us, those People always went to Battle with great

Whilſt no Tempeſt blots your Sky,
Drink, and throw the ſportful Dice.
But to *Bacchus* drench the Ground,
Ere you puſh the Goblet round.
Leſt ſome fatal Illneſs cry,
Drink no more the Cup of Joy!

ODE XVI.

ON HIMSELF.

THEBES' fatal Wars your Muſe recites,
He ſings of *Phrygia*'s clam'rous Fights;

But

great Cries; but the *Greeks*, on the contrary, in profound Silence.

Τρῶες μὲ̓ κλαγγῇ τ᾽ ἐνοπῇ τ᾽ ἴσαν
* * * * * * * * * *
Οἱ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἴσαν σιγῇ, μήνεα πνείοντες, Ἀχαιοὶ,
Ἐν θυμῷ μεμαῶτες ἀλεξέμεν ἀλλήλοισιν.

With Shouts the *Trojans*, ruſhing from afar,
Proclaim their Motions, and provoke the War.
* * * * * * * * * * *
But ſilent, breathing Rage, reſolv'd and skill'd,
By mutual Aids to fix a doubtful Field,
Swift march the *Greeks*: ——— *Pope.*

VER. 3.

Ἐγὼ δ' ἐμὰς ἀλώσεις.
Οὐχ ἵππος ὤλεσέν με,
Οὐ πεζὸς, οὐχὶ νῆες.
Στρατὸς ἢ καινὸς ἄλλος
Ἀπ' ὀμμάτων βαλών με.

ΩΔΗ ΙΖ'.

Εἰς ποτήριον ἀργυροῦν.

ΤΟΝ ἄργυρον τορεύσας,
Ἥφαιστε, μοὶ ποίησον,
Πανοπλίαν μὴ ἐχὶ,
Τί γὰρ μάχαισι καμοί;

Ποτή-

VER. 3. *But I attune my own Defeat.*] *Ovid* ſeems to have imitated this Paſſage:

Vincor, & ingenium ſumptis revocatur ab armis,
Reſque domi geſtas, & mea bella cano.
Amor. L. 2. Eleg. 18.

I'm conquer'd, and renounce the glorious Strain
Of Arms, and War, to ſing of Love again:
My Themes are Acts which I myſelf have done,
And my Muſe ſings no Battles but my own.

VER. 8.

But I attune my own Defeat.
From no arm'd Horſeman I retreat;
Nor Footman on the duſty Plain,
Nor hoſtile Fleet upon the Main;
Strange unknown Wars my Peace ſurprize,
Strange Foes which dart from Beauty's Eyes.

ODE XVII.

ON A SILVER BOWL.

COME, *Vulcan*, all thy Skill impart,
This Silver Maſs implores thy Art.
No glitt'ring Arms my Cares employ,
For what are Wars to Me and Joy?

But

VER. 8. *Strange Foes, which dart from Beauty's Eyes.*] *Nonnus* calls the Eyes ἀκοντιστῆρες ἐρώτων, The *Archers of Love*. And an Epigram in the *Anthologia*, ſpeaking of Love, ſays,

——————— Οὔ με λέληθας,
Τόξοτα, Ζηνοφίλας ὄμμασι κρυπτόμενος.

But not unſeen, in *Zenophelia*'s Eyes
The little wanton Archer ambuſh'd lies.

VER. 3. *No glittering Arms my Cares employ.*] Alluding,

Ποτήριον ὦ κοῦλον,
Ὅσον δυνήσῃ, βάθιον.
Ποίει δέ μοι κατ' αὐτό,
Μήτ' ἄρκεα, μήθ' ἁμάξας,
Μὴ τυφλὸν Ὠρίωνα·
Τί Πλειάδεσι καμοί;

Τί

luding, as Commentators obſerve, to that pompous Suit of Armour which *Vulcan* made for *Achilles*, at the Requeſt of his Mother, the Goddeſs *Thetis*.

VER. 7. *I'd have no Conſtellations ſhine.*] Alluding to the Shield of *Achilles*, on which *Vulcan* deſcrib'd the Conſtellations, as *Homer* informs us.

There ſhone the Image of the Maſter-Mind,
There Earth, there Heav'n, there Ocean he deſign'd;
Th'unweary'd Sun, the Moon compleatly round;
The Starry Lights that Heav'n's high Convex crown'd;
The Pleiads, Hyads, with the Northern Team;
And great *Orion*'s more refulgent Beam;
To which, around the Axle of the Sky,
The *Bear* revolving, points his golden Eye,
Still ſhines, exalted on th' ætherial Plain,
Nor bathes his blazing Forehead in the Main. *Pope.*

VER. 9. *Let no* Orion *frowning riſe.*] *Orion*, according to *Heſiod*, was the Son of *Neptune*, and *Euryale* the Daughter of *Minos*; but *Ariſtomachus* makes him the adopted Son of *Erythræus* a *Theban*, who being childleſs, obtain'd him from the Urine of *Jupiter* and *Mercury*, in recompence for the hoſpitable Reception he had given them.

But ſink me deep a mirthful Bowl,
Capacious make it, as my Soul!
I'd have no Conſtellations ſhine,
To guide me thro' my Sea of Wine.
Let no *Orion* frowning riſe,
Nor *Pleiads* weep from mimick Skies.

For

them. *Callimachus* tells us, that he offer'd Violence to *Diana*, and was ſhot by her with an Arrow, of which Opinion is *Horace*.

——— *Integræ*
Tentator Orion Dianæ,
Virgineâ domitus ſagittâ. L. 3. Od. 4.

From hot *Orion*'s lawleſs Youth,
Ev'n chaſte *Diana* ſcarce could 'ſcape
The luſtful Fury of a Rape;
Till her Bow reach'd him, whilſt he ſtrove,
With fiercer Darts than thoſe of Love. *Creech.*

But *Homer* aſſures us, that he was belov'd by *Diana*, and ſhot by her out of a Fit of Jealouſy. His Conſtellation is compos'd of Seventeen Stars. *Anacreon* gives *Orion* the Epithet of συγγὶς, *hateful*, becauſe he is obſerv'd to be attended with Rain and tempeſtuous Weather. *Horace* calls him, *Infeſtus*:

Dum pecori lupus, & nautis infeſtus Orion.
Epod. 15.

As long as Wolves purſue the tim'rous Sheep,
Or ſtern *Orion* rages o'er the Deep.

VER. 10. *Nor* Pleiads *weep from mimick Skies.*] The *Pleiades*

Τί δ' ἀγρέσιν Βοώτεω;
Ποίησον ἀμπέλως μοι,
Καὶ βότρυας κατ' αὐτὸ,
Καὶ χρυσέως πατῶντας,
Ὁμῶ καλῷ Λυαίῳ,
Ἔρωτα, κ' Βάθυλλον.

ΩΔΗ ΙΗ'.

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό.

Καλλίτεχνά, μοι τόρδυσον
Εἴαρθ' κύπελλον ἡδύ.

Τὰ

Pleiades were the Daughters of *Atlas*, the Son of *Japetus* or *Neptune*, and *Pleione* the Daughter of *Oceanus* and *Tethys*. *Mnaſeas* tells us, that *Atlas* had fifteen Daughters; five of which having mourn'd themſelves to Death for their Brother *Hyas*, who was kill'd in Hunting by a Lion, were chang'd into Stars, and call'd *Hyades*.; that ſeven of the remaining ten ſlew themſelves thro' Grief, for the Loſs of their Siſters, and were therefore call'd *Pleiades*, becauſe the Majority agreed in the Action. But *Pherecydes Athenienſis* ſays, they were the Nurſes of *Bacchus*, and that *Jupiter*, to reward their Service,

For ſlow *Boötes* what care I?
Curl me a Vine of cluſter'd Joy
Around the Brim; whilſt *Bacchus* fair,
And Love's ſoft God with golden Hair,
With young *Bathyllus*, join t' unload
The Boughs, and preſs th'enchanting Flood.

ODE XVIII.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

HAPPY Art! a Bowl prepare,
Like this faireſt Seaſon, fair:

Firſt

Service, and ſecure them againſt the Reſentment of *Juno*, took them up into Heaven.

One of them was *Maia*, the Mother of *Mercury*, who is ſometimes us'd to expreſs all. Thus *Virgil*,

Multi ante occaſum Maiæ cæpere, ſed illos
Expectata ſeges vanis eluſit ariſtis.

The Names of the others were *Electra*, *Tagete*, *Alcinoe*, *Celeno*, *Sterope*, *Merope*. Their Conſtellation is plac'd on the Back of *Taurus*, and conſiſts of ſeven Stars; the *Romans* call'd them *Vergiliæ*.

Τὰ πρῶτα τερπνὸν ἡμῖν
Ῥόδον φέρουσαν ὥρην·
Τὸν ἄργυρον δ' ἁπλώσας
Τερπνὸν ποίει πότον μοι.
Τῶν τελετῶν παραινῶ,
Μή μοι ξένον τορεύσῃς,
Μὴ φευκτὸν ἱστόρημα.
Μᾶλλον ποίει Διὸς γόνον,
Βάκχον Εὔϊον ἡμῖν
Μύστην νάματος, ἢ Κύπριν
Ὑμηναίοις κρατοῦσαν·
Χάρασσ' Ἔρωτ' ἄνοπλον,
Καὶ Χάριτας γελώσας

Ὑπ'

VER. 7. *But let no mysterious Whim.*] The *Greek* is τῶν τελετῶν μή μοι ξένον τορεύσῃς, *Engrave no foreign Sacrifices*; for the τελεταὶ were Sacrifices of Expiation, as *Plato* tells us in the Second Book of his *Republick*; his Words are these, Βίβλων δὲ ὅμαδον παρέχονται Μυσαίου καὶ Ορφέως, Σελήνης τε καὶ Μουσῶν ἐκγόνων, ὥς φασι. καθ' ἃς θυηπλοῦσι, πείθοντες οὐ μόνον ἰδιώτας, ἀλλὰ καὶ πόλεις, ὡς ἄρα λύσεις τε καὶ καθαρμοὶ ἀδικημάτων, διὰ θυσιῶν καὶ παιδιᾶς ἡδονῶν, εἰσὶ μὲν ἔτι ζῶσιν δὲ καὶ τελευτήσασιν, ἃς δὴ τελετὰς καλοῦσιν, ἃ τῶν ἐκεῖ κακῶν ἀπολύουσιν ἡμᾶς μὴ, θύσαντας δὲ δεινὰ περιμένει. They shew a great Number of Books wrote by *Musæus* and *Orpheus*, whom they call the Sons of

Firſt engrave the roſy Spring,
Scatt'ring Roſes from his Wing;
Sink it deep, the Silver round
Draw with mirthful Revels crown'd:
But let no myſterious Whim
Frown upon the gen'rous Brim;
Nor with Arms and Heroes ſlain,
The bright Field of Tranſport ſtain.
Draw me *Jove*'s enchanting Boy,
Bacchus, God of Social Joy!
Venus, Queen of ſoft Deſire,
Leading *Hymen*'s happy Choir.
Round the laughing Margin twine,
Pleaſure's Shade, a curling Vine;

There

of *Selene* and the *Muſes*: By theſe Books they regulate their Sacrifices, perſuading not only particular Perſons, but whole Cities, that all Expiations and Purifications from Crimes, both for the Living and the Dead, are to be perform'd by Sacrifices, attended with Sports and all ſorts of Diverſions; theſe they call τελετὰς, affirming that thoſe who obſerve them, ſhall be free from future Puniſhments; but that thoſe who neglect them, ſhall ſuffer inexpreſſible Torture. *Anacreon* calls them Foreign, becauſe they were inſtituted by *Muſæus* and *Orpheus*, who were *Thracians*.

VER. 9. *Nor with Arms and Heroes ſlain.*] The Original is Μὴ φόνῳ ἱστόρημα. No tragical Story.

Ὑπ' ἄμπελον δ' ὑπέταλον,
Εὐβότρυον, κομῶσαν·
Σιώπα τε κέρας ὑπρεπεῖς,
Ἂν μὴ Φοῖβος ἀθύρῃ.

ΩΔΗ ΙΘ'.

Εἰς τὸ δεῖν πίνειν.

Ἡ Γῆ μέλαινα πίνει,
Πίνει δ' Δένδρε' αὐτήν·
Πίνει Θάλασσα δ' Αὔρας,
Ὁ δ' Ἥλιος Θάλασσαν,
Τὸν δ' Ἥλιον Σελήνη. 5
Τί

VER. 20. *But no* Phœbus *playing there.*] Becauſe *Apollo* was ſo unfortunate as to kill the beautiful *Hyacinth*, as he play'd with him at Coits.

VER. 2. *The Trees Earth's roſy Goblet drain.*] The *Greek* Expreſſion is πίνει δ' δένδρα αὐτὴν, *The Trees drink up the Earth*; which is very bold; tho' the Poet's Meaning is undoubtedly nothing more, than that the Trees receive their Nouriſhment from the Rains and Dews, which are ſtrain'd and filter'd thro' the Veins of the

There unarm'd, let *Cupid* ſport,
And the ſmiling Graces court.
Join gay Youths like *Phœbus* fair,
But no *Phœbus* playing there.

ODE XIX.

THAT WE OUGHT TO DRINK.

THE thirſty Earth drinks up the Rain;
The Trees Earth's roſy Goblet drain;
The Ocean revels ev'ry Day;
The laughing Sun drinks up the Sea.
And when his mirthful Courſe is run,
The Moon enraptur'd drinks the Sun.

Since

the Earth. I have endeavour'd to ſoften the Figure in the Tranſlation.

VER. 3. *The Ocean revels every Day.*] The Original is πίνει θάλασσα δ' αὔρας, *The Sea drinks up the Air.*

VER. 6. *The Moon enraptur'd drinks the Sun.*] Either becauſe the Moon borrows her Light of the Sun, or becauſe whatever diſappear'd was by the *Greeks* ſaid, καταπίνεσθαι, to be *drank up*. D'Acier.

Τί μοι μάχεσθ', ἑταῖροι,
Καὐτῷ θέλοντι πίνειν;

ΩΔΗ Κ'.

Ἐρωτικὸν ᾠδάριον, εἰς Ἥ κόρην.

Ἡ Ταντάλου ποτ' ἔστη
Λίθος Φρυγῶν ἐν ὄχθαις·
Καὶ παῖς ποτ' ὄρνις ἔπτη
Παν δίονος χελιδών.

Ἐγὼ

VER. 1. *A weeping Rock ſad* Niob' *ſtood.*] *Niobe* was the Daughter of *Tantalus* King of *Phrygia*, who, at an Entertainment he gave the Gods, dreſt his own Son *Pelops* for them, to try whether they could diſcover it; for which Crime they condemn'd him to be tormented with Hunger and Thirſt, 'midſt Plenty of Water and choice Fruits, which vaniſh'd whenever he attempted to touch them.

His Daughter *Niobe* was chang'd into a Rock, becauſe, being proud of her numerous Offspring, ſhe had the Vanity to prefer herſelf to *Latona*. Her Story is told by *Ovid*, in the Sixth Book of his *Metamorphoſes*; and by *Homer Il.* L. 24. *Achilles* ſpeaks to *Priam*:

Nor thou, Oh Father! thus conſum'd with Woe,
The common Cares that nouriſh Life, forego.

Not

Since all things drink, why may not I?
Ye ſage Reprovers, tell me why!

ODE XX.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

A WEEPING Rock ſad *Niob'* ſtood,
And ſwell'd with Tears the *Phrygian* Flood.
And *Progne* to a Swallow chang'd,
On ſable Wings ſwift-circling rang'd.

But

Not thus did *Niobe*, of Form Divine,
A Parent once, whoſe Sorrows equall'd thine:
Six youthful Sons, as many blooming Maids,
In one ſad Day beheld the *Stygian* Shades;
Theſe by *Apollo*'s Silver Bow were ſlain,
Theſe *Cynthia*'s Arrows ſtretch'd upon the Plain.
So was her Pride chaſtis'd by Wrath Divine,
Who match'd her own with bright *Latona*'s Line;
But two the Goddeſs, twelve the Queen enjoy'd;
Thoſe boaſted Twelve th' avenging Two deſtroy'd.
Steep'd in their Blood, and in the Duſt outſpread,
Nine Days neglected lay expos'd the Dead;
None by to weep them; to inhume them none;
(For *Jove* had chang'd the Nation all to Stone:)

Ἐγὼ δ' ἔσοπτρον εἶλω,
Ὅπως ἀεὶ βλέπῃς με.
Ἐγὼ χιτὼν γενοίμλω,
Ὅπως ἀεὶ φορῇς με.
Ὕδωρ θέλω γενέσθαι,
Ὅπως σε χρῶτα λούσω.
Μύρον, Γυάλ, γενοίμλω,
Ὅπως ἐγώ σ' ἀλείφω·

Καὶ

The Gods themſelves, at length relenting, gave
Th' unhappy Race the Honours of a Grave.
Herſelf a Rock, (for ſuch was Heav'n's high Will)
Thro' Deſarts wild now pours a weeping Rill;
Where, round the Bed whence *Achelous* ſprings,
The wat'ry Fairies dance in mazy Rings;
There high on *Sipylus* his ſhaggy Brow,
She ſtands her own ſad Monument of Woe,
The Rock for ever laſts, the Tears for ever flow.

Pope.

By this Paſſage it appears, that the *Latin* Interpreters who tranſlated Φρυγῶν ἐν ὄχθαις, *ad fluenta Trojæ*, were not guilty of ſo great a Miſtake as Madam *D'Acier* imagin'd.

Mr. *Longepierre* quotes the two following Epigrams on *Niobe*.

Ὁ τύμβος τοῦτος ὕδωρ οὐκ ἔχει πηγήν.

But to your Glaſs transform'd I'd be,
That you may fondly gaze on me:
Or, Oh might I thoſe Charms embrace!
And ſhine the fav'rite Robe you grace:
Or flow the Bath, whoſe am'rous Tide
Your bright tranſparent Limbs divide:
Or elſe, diſſolv'd in Sighs, my Fair,
I'd breathe the Eſſence for your Hair:
Or in your Zone's lov'd Form be bleſt,
And bind like that your ſnowy Breaſt:

Or

Ο νεκρὸς οὗτος ἐκτὸς οὐκ ἔχει τάφον.
Αλλ' αὐτὸς αὐτοῦ νεκρός ἐστι καὶ τάφος.

This penſive Tomb within no Dead contains,
This penſive Dead without untomb'd remains;
For, by a ſtrange Reſult of Fate's Decree,
At once th' unbury'd Dead and Tomb you ſee.

Εκ ζωῆς με θεοὶ τεῦξαν λίθον· ἐκ δὲ λίθοιο
Ζωὴν Πραξιτέλης ἔμπαλιν εἰργάσατο.

The Gods to Stone transform'd me; but again,
I from *Praxiteles* new Life obtain.

VER. 13. *Or in your Zone's lov'd Form be bleſt.*] The ταινίη of the *Greeks* was the ſame as the *Strophium* of the *Latins*.

Et pulchro pulchras ſtrophio producta papillas
Gaudet utrumque ſui pectoris eſſe decus.

Καὶ ταινίη δὲ μαςῶν,
Καὶ μάργαρον τραχήλῳ,
Καὶ σάνδαλον γενοίμην,
Μόνον ποσὶν πατεῖν με.

Ω Δ Η ΚΑ'.

Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Δ'Οτε μοι, δότ', ὦ γυναῖκες,
Βρομίου πιεῖν ἀμυςί·
Ὑπὸ καύματος γὰρ ἤδη
Προποθεὶς ἀναςενάζω.
Δότε δ' ἀνθέων ἐκείνων·
Στεφάνους δ' οἴους πυκάζω,
Τὰ μέτωπά μου 'πικαίει·

Τὸ

VER. 2. *And let me drench my fev'rish Soul.*] The Original is πιεῖν ἀμυςὶ. which was a Fashion of Drinking amongst the Ancients, not much unlike the polite modern one, call'd, Tossing off a Bumper. *Horace* speaks of it, L. 1. Ode 36.

Neu multi Damalis meri
Bassum Threïcia vincat amystide.

On

Or be thoſe happy Pearls, my Soul! 15
Which round your Neck's ſoft Iv'ry roll:
Or I your very Shoe would be,
Would you but deign to tread on me.

ODE XXI.

ON HIMSELF.

COME, fill, my Girls, fill high the Bowl,
And let me drench my fev'riſh Soul.
With Heat I pant, the thirſty Day
Thro' ev'ry Vein drinks Life away.
With Flow'rs my aking Temples ſhade, 5
Scorch'd by my Brows theſe Garlands fade.
But,

On which Paſſage *Acron* animadverts. *Amyſtis, ut quidam putant, potionis genus apud Thracas; ideo Amyſtis dicta, quia certa menſura clauſis oculis potabatur uno ductu.* *Amyſtis*, as ſome think, was a way of Drinking amongſt the *Thracians*, call'd *Amyſtis*, from their drinking a certain Quantity, with their Eyes ſhut, at one Swallow. *Plutarch*, in his *Morals*, deſcribes it almoſt in the ſame manner.

Τὸ δ' καῦμα τῆς Ἐρώτων,
Κεφαλίη, τίνι σκεπάσω;

ΩΔΗ ΚΒ'.

Εἰς Βάθυλλον.

Παρὰ τὴν σκιὴν, Βάθυλλε,
Κάθισον· καλὸν τὸ δένδρον,
Ἁπαλὰς σείει δ' χαίτας
Μαλακωτάτῳ κλαδίσκῳ·
Παρὰ δ' αὐτῷ γ' ἔρευθίζει
Πηγὴ ῥέουσα Πειθοῦς.

Τὶς

manner. Ἀμυσίζειν, τὸ ἄθρων καὶ ἀπνευστὶ πίνειν, ὅπερ οἱ ποιηταὶ, ὡς φασιν οἱ παλαιοὶ, ἤκουσα μάθοις ἂν παρ' ἐκείνων. Ἀμυσίζειν, is to drink at one Draught, without taking Breath; those who drank in this manner, the Ancients tell us, were the soonest fuddl'd.

VER. 7. *But, oh my Heart! what Shade shall prove.*] In rendering this Line, I have followed the Correction of Mr. *Longepierre*, who thought that κεφαλίη should be read without an *Iota subscript*.

VER. 4. *Which trembles thro' their verdant Hair.*] The *Greek* is Ἁπαλὰς σείει δ' χαίτας, *it shakes its tender Hair*; the *Latins* also call'd the Leaves of Trees, *Comæ*, *Hair*.

VER. 5 & 6.

But, Oh my Heart! what Shade ſhall prove
Thy Guard againſt the Beams of Love?

ODE XXII.

TO BATHYLLUS.

HERE let us ſit, my charming Boy!
And this delighful Shade enjoy.
How ſweet theſe Boughs! How ſweet the Air,
Which trembles thro' their verdant Hair!
And, Oh how ſweet thoſe Rills below,
In ſoft perſuaſive Murmurs flow!
Ah!

VER. 5 & 6. *And Oh, how ſweet thoſe Rills below,*
In ſoft perſuaſive Murmurs flow!]

The Expreſſion in the Original is inimitably beautiful, Πηγὴ ῥέουσα πειθοῦς, *a Fountain-rolling Perſuaſion.*

Mr. *Longepierre* cites the following Epigram from the *Anthologia.*

Ἔρχεο καὶ κατ' ἐμὰν ἵζευ πίτυν, ἃ τὸ μελιχρὸν.
Πρὸς μαλακοὺς ἠχεῖ κεκλιμένα ζεφύρους.
Ἠνὶ δὲ καὶ κρούνισμα μελισταγὲς, ἔνθα μελίσδων
Ἡδὺν ἐρημαίοις ὕπνον ἄγω καλάμοις.

Come here, this whiſp'ring Pine's ſweet Shade enjoy,
How ſweet it murmurs as the Zephyrs ſigh!
This Brook ſoft-bubbling to my Pipe's ſoft Charms,
Shall woo ſome gentle Viſion to thy Arms.

VER. 1.

Τίς ἂν οὖν ὁρῶν παρέλθοι
Καταγώγιον τοιοῦτον;

Ω Δ Η ΚΓ'.

Εἰς χρυσόν.

Ὁ Πλοῦτος εἴγε χρυσοῦ
Τὸ ζῆν παρῆγε θνητοῖς,
Ἐκαρτέρουν φυλάττων·
Ἵν' ἂν Θανεῖν ἐπέλθῃ,
Λάβῃ τι καὶ παρέλθῃ.
Εἰ δ' οὐδὲ τὸ πρίασθαι
Τὸ ζῆν ἔνεστι θνητοῖς,
Τί καὶ μάτην στενάζω;
Τί καὶ γόους προπέμπω;

Θανεῖν

VER. 1. *Had Heaps of treasur'd Gold the Pow'r.*] The *Greek* is Ὁ πλοῦτος εἴγε χρυσοῦ, which Expression, as *Barnes* very justly observes, is not so novel as Mr. *Le Fevre* and Madam *D'Acier* were pleas'd to think. Lucian uses φιλοσοφίας πλοῦτος.

VER. 6. *Might charm the Tyrant Death away.*] *When Mr. Le Fevre* and his Daughter objected against the

Ah! who can hither turn an Eye,
And paſs this dear Elyſium by!

ODE XXIII.

ON GOLD.

HAD Heaps of treaſur'd Gold the Pow'r
To ſtay the Life-reſigning Hour;
My Heart from Pleaſure I'd withhold,
And only live to hoard up Gold;
That Royal Bribes, from Day to Day,
Might charm the Tyrant Death away.
But ſince no treaſur'd Heaps have Pow'r
To ſtay the Fate-compelling Hour,
Inſenſate,

the Phraſe Ἵν' ἂν θανεῖν, becauſe of θανεῖν without the Article τὸ being put for θάνατον, they forgot that the Article τὸ being us'd in the preceding Line, before Ζῆν, could not elegantly be repeated here; nor did they remember the Authority of *Homer*,

Ἦ μάλα λυγρὸς ὄλεθρος Ἀχαιοῖς ἠὲ βιῶναι.
Il. κ'. Ver. 173.

Quis

Θανεῖν γὰρ εἰ πέπρωται,
Τί χρυσὸς ὠφελεῖ με;
Ἐμοὶ γένοιτο πίνειν·
Πιόντι δ' οἶνον ἡδὺν,
Ἐμοῖς φίλοις συνεῖναι·
Ἐν δ' ἁπαλαῖσι κοίταις
Τελεῖν τὴ Ἀφροδίτην.

ΩΔΗ ΚΔ'.

Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Ἐπεὶ βροτὸς ἐτέχθην,
Βιότου τέλεον ὀδύσσειν·
Χρόνον, ὃν παρῆλθον, ἔγνων,
Ὃν δ' ἔχω δεδαμεῖν οὐκ οἶδα.
Μέθετέ με αἱ Φρονίδες·
Μηδέν μοι κὴ ὑμῖν ἔστω.

Πελὶν

Our *Engliſh Spenſer* uſes the ſame Turn of Expreſſion.

For not, to have been dipt in *Lethe* Lake,
Could ſave the Son of *Thetis* from *to Die*. Barnes.

VER. 8 & 9. *But ſince no treaſur'd Heaps have Pow'r*
To ſtay the Fate-compelling Hour.]

They that truſt in their Wealth, and boaſt themſelves in the

Inſenſate, why ſhould I complain,
And render Life's ſhort Bleſſings vain?
Be't mine to drain the laughing Bowl,
Whilſt ſocial Mirth exalts the Soul;
Or on ſoft Beds entranc'd, to prove
The ſweeter Joys of ſweeteſt Love.

ODE XXIV.

ON HIMSELF.

SPRUNG as I am, of Human Seed,
And for Life's little Race decreed;
The Way I've come I only know,
Unconſcious of the Way I go.
Then, anxious Care, a laſt Adieu!
My mirthful Heart's no Home for you.

Ere

the Multitude of their Riches; none of them can by any Means redeem his Brother, nor give to God a Ranſom for him. *Pſal.* xlix. 6, 7.

VER. 5. *Then, anxious Care, a laſt Adieu.*]
Ite procul, durum curæ genus, ite labores.
Tibul. L. 3. Eleg. 6.

VER. 9 & 10.

Πρὶν ἐμὲ φθάσῃ τελεύτῃν,
Παίξω, γελάσω, χορεύσω
Μετὰ τοῦ καλοῦ Λυαίου.

Ω Δ Η ΚΕ'.

Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Ὅταν πίνω τὸ οἶνον,
Εὔδουσιν αἱ μέριμναι·
Τί μοι νόων, τί μόχθων,
Τί μοι μέλει μεριμνῶν;
Θάνοιμι κἂν μελήσας.
Τί δὲ τὸ βίον πλανῶμαι;

Πίω-

VER. 9 & 10. *And smile, and dance, and sweetly play,*
With soft Lyæus *ever-gay.*]

Julian, in his Epitaph on *Anacreon*, has made him repeat the same agreeable Doctrine.

Πολλάκι μὲν τόδ' ἄεισα, καὶ ἐκ τοῦμβε δὲ βοήσω·
Πίνετε, πρὶν ταύτην ἀμφιβάλησθε κόνιν.

Still from my Tomb I sing this Song of Joy,
Drink, Mortals, ere like me in Dust you lie.

VER. 1 & 2.

Ere Fate ſhall change my Day to Night,
I'll court the Seaſon of Delight;
And ſmile, and dance, and ſweetly play,
With ſoft *Lyæus*, ever-gay.

ODE XXV.

ON HIMSELF.

WHENE'ER I drain the ſocial Bowl,
It's all a Sunſhine of the Soul:
For why ſhould Thought on Joy intrude?
Or what's to me Solicitude?
Whene'er Death calls, I muſt obey;
From Life's ſmooth Path why ſhould I ſtray?

Great

VER. 1 & 2. *Whene'er I drain the ſocial Bowl,*
It's all a Sunſhine of the Soul.

Diſſipat Evius curas edaces. Hor. L. 2. Od. 11.

——— *Neque*
Mordaces aliter diffugiunt ſollicitudines.
Hor. L. 1. Od. 18.

VER. 9.

Πίωμεν ἓν τ' οἶνον
Τὸν τῦ καλῦ Λυαίυ.
Σωὶ τῷ πιεῖν γὰρ ἡμᾶς
Εὔδυσιν αἱ μέλιμναι.

ΩΔΗ Κϛ'.

Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Ὅτ' εἰς με Βάκχος ἔλθῃ,
Εὔδυσιν αἱ μέλιμναι·
Δοκῶν δ' ἔχειν τὰ Κροίσυ,
Θέλω καλῶς ἀείδειν.
Κισσοστεφὴς γὰρ κεῖμαι,
Πατῶ δ' ἄπαντα θυμῷ.

Ὅπ-

VER. 9. *For whilſt we drain the roſy Bowl.*] The Original of this Line, in the firſt Editions, was Σωὶ τῷ δὲ πίνειν ἡμᾶς, which being corrupt, made *Stephens* think that the firſt Line of the Ode ought to be repeated inſtead of it; but the Correction of *Scaliger*, who reads, Σωὶ τῷ πιεῖν γὰρ ἡμᾶς, renders the Conjecture unneceſſary. *Barnes.*

VER. 3. *In Thought as rich as* Lydia's *King.*] *Craſus,*

Great *Bacchus* ev'ry Trouble cures;
Then drink as long as Life endures.
For whilſt we drain the roſy Bowl,
It's all a Sunſhine of the Soul.

ODE XXVI.

ON HIMSELF.

WHEN *Bacchus* triumphs in my Breaſt,
No ſaucy Cares my Peace moleſt.
In Thought as rich as *Lydia*'s King,
Some frolick Air entranc'd I'll ſing;
And here, with Ivy Garlands gay,
Recline, and ſpurn the World away.

Let

ſus, King of *Lydia*, was contemporary with *Anacreon*, and the richeſt crown'd Head of his Time. His Wealth is a known Proverb.

Divitis audita eſt cui non opulentia Craſi?
Ovid. de Ponto L. 4.

VER. 5. *And here, with Ivy Garlands gay.*] *Horace* tells us, that Poets were crown'd with Ivy.

Me

Ὅπλιζ', ἐγὼ δὲ πίνω.
Φέρε μοι κύπελλον, ὦ παῖ·
Μεθύοντα γάρ με κεῖσθαι
Πολὺ κρεῖσσον, ἢ θανόντα.

Ω Δ Η

Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
Diis miscent superis. Hor. L. 1. Od. 1.

Green Ivy Crowns, that only spread
Fresh Honours round a learned Head,
Shall raise my Name above the Croud,
And lift me up into a God. *Creech.*

We learn the same from *Virgil*,

Pastores hederâ crescentem ornate Poetam.
Ec. 7. Ver. 25.

With Ivy Wreaths your youthful Poet crown.

On which Passage his Scholiast *Servius* remarks, *Hederâ coronantur Poetæ, quasi Libero consecrati, qui & ut Bacchæ insaniunt, vel quòd semper virent hederæ, sicut carmina æternitatem merentur.* Poets are crown'd with Ivy, as being consecrated to *Bacchus*, either because they are Enthusiasts, like the *Bacchanals*; or, because Ivy being an Ever-green, is a Symbol of that Eternity they acquire by their Compositions. The *Muses* also, according to *Varro*, were crown'd with Ivy. But *Plutarch* informs us, that it was worn as a Preservative against Drunkenness.

Γλυκεῖ

Let others ſeek Renown in Arms,
Me *Bacchus* pleaſing Warfare charms.
Then fill the Bowl, Boy, fill it high,
'Is better drunk than dead to lie.

ODE

Γλυκεῖ ἀνάγκη σευομένα κυλίκων
Θάλπησι θυμόν· Κύπριδος
Ελπὶς δ' αἰθύσσει φρένας
Αναμιγνυμένα Διονυσίοισι δώροις,
Ανδράσι δ' ὑψοτάτῳ
Πέμπει μερίμνας.
Αὐτὸς μὲν πόλεων
Κρήδεμνον λύει,
Πᾶσι δ' ἀνθρώποις
Μοναρχήσειν δοκεῖ.
Χρυσῷ δ', ἐλέφαντί τε
Μαρμαίρουσιν οἶκοι.
Πυροφόροι δὲ κατ' αἰχλήεντα
Νῆες ἄγουσιν ἀπ' Αἰγύπτου
Μέγιστον πλοῦτον,
Ως πίνοντος ὁρμαίνει κέαρ.

Whene'er we drain the roſy Bowl,
Soft *Venus* triumphs o'er the Soul.
Gay Wiſhes glow in ev'ry Vein,
And laughing, wait on *Bacchus*' Reign.
Above all grov'ling Care we riſe,
And, wing'd with Joy, dull Care deſpiſe.

In

ΩΔΗ ΚΖ'.

Εἰς Διόνυσον.

Τοῦ Διὸς ὁ παῖς, ὁ Βάκχος,
Ὁ λυσίφρων, ὁ Λύαιος,
Ὅταν φρένας γ' ἐς ἁμὰς
Ἐσέλθῃ μεθυδώτης,
Διδάσκει με χορεύειν.
Ἔχω δ' καί τι τερπνὸν,
Ὁ τ' μέθης ἑταῖρος.
Μετὰ κρότων, μετ' ᾠδῆς
Τέρπει με Κυθέρεια,
Καὶ πάλιν θέλω χορεύειν.

ΩΔΗ

In Thought, with fancy'd Laurels crown'd,
We level Cities with the Ground;
Exulting, graſp the conquer'd Ball,
And reign th' unrivall'd Lords of all.
Our Houſes Gold and Iv'ry riſe,
And Treaſures dance before our Eyes;

Whilſt

ODE XXVII.

ON BACCHUS.

FROM *Jove* great *Bacchus* claims his Birth,
It's he unbends the Mind to Mirth.
When from the full, the roſy Bowl,
He laughing ſails into my Soul;
My drunken Eyes with Tranſport ſwim,
And Wings exult on ev'ry Limb.
Swift to the mirthful Dance I fly,
Enraptur'd, ſing the Song of Joy;
My Homage pay to *Venus'* Reign,
Then wiſh and ſigh to dance again.

ODE

Whilſt with *Egyptian* Harveſts ſtor'd,
Our Ships return to crown our Board.
Thus Honour, Wealth, and happy State,
Still on the roſy Goblet wait.

VER. 6. *And Wings exult on ev'ry Limb.*] The *Greek* is Διδάσκει με χορδεύειν, *he teaches me to dance.*

[illegible]

Ὠ Δ Η ΚΗ'.

Πρὸς τὸν ζωγράφον, περὶ τῆς ἑαυτοῦ ἐρωμένης.

Ἄγε, ζωγράφων ἄριστε,
Γράφε, ζωγράφων ἄριστε,
Ῥοδίης κοίρανε τέχνης,
Ἀπεοῦσαν, ὡς ἂν εἴπω,
Γράφε τὴν ἐμὴν ἑταίρην.
Γράφε μοι τρίχας τοπρῶτον
Ἁπαλάς τε καὶ μελαίνας·
Ὁ δὲ κηρὸς ἂν δαύῃ,
Γράφε καὶ μύρου πνεούσας.
Γράφε δ' ἐξ ὅλης παρειῆς,
Ὑπὸ πορφυραῖσι χαίταις,
Ἐλεφάντινον μέτωπον.

To

And in the 41st Ode he calls *Bacchus*, τὸν Ἐφευρετὰν χορείας, the *Inventer of Dancing*, So *Tibullus*,

Ille

ODE XXVIII.

ON HIS MISTRESS.

BEST and happieſt Artizan,
Beſt of Painters, if you can,
With your many-colour'd Art
Paint the Miſtreſs of my Heart:
Deſcribe the Charms you hear from me,
(Her Charms you could not paint and ſee)
And make the abſent Nymph appear,
As if her lovely Self were here.
Firſt draw her eaſy-flowing Hair,
As ſoft and black as ſhe is fair;
And, if your Art can riſe ſo high,
Let breathing Odours round her fly.

Beneath

Ille liquor docuit voces inflectere cantu;
Movit & ad certos noſcia membra modos.
L. 1. Eleg. 7.

Τὸ μεσόθρυον δὲ μὴ μὰ
Διακοτῖε, μήτε μισγε·
Ἔχετω δ', ὅτως ὀκεινη,
Τὸ λεληθότως σύνοφρυ,
Βλεφάρων δ' ἴτυν κελαινήν.
Τὸ δὲ βλέμμα νῦν ἀληθῶς
Ἀπὸ τοῦ πυρὸς ποίησον,
Ἅμα γλαυκὸν, ὡς Ἀθήνης,
Ἅμα δ' ὑγρὸν, ὡς Κυθήρης.
Γράφε ῥῖνα καὶ παρειὰς,
Ῥόδα τῷ γάλακτι μίξας·
Γράφε χεῖλος, οἷα Πειθοῦς,
Προκαλούμενον φίλημα.
Τρυφεροῦ δ' ἔσω γενείου,
Περὶ Λυγδίνῳ τραχήλῳ,
Χάριτες πέτοιντο πᾶσαι.

Στό-

VER. 17 & 18. *That the fair Space which lies between The meeting Shade, may scarce be seen.*]
Supercilia ad malarum stricturam currentia, & rursus confinio luminum pene permixta. *Petronius.*

VER. 25. *Let her Lips Persuasion wear.*]
ἀκμὴν
Κάλλος ὄχεις Κύπριδος, Πειθοῦς στόμα, σῶμα καὶ
Κιαρινῶν ὠρῶν, φθέγμα δὲ Καλλιόπης,

Νῦν

Beneath the Shade of flowing Jet,
The Iv'ry Forehead ſmoothly ſet.
With Care the ſable Brows extend,
And in two Arches nicely bend;
That the fair Space which lies between
The meeting Shade, may ſcarce be ſeen.
The Eye muſt be uncommon Fire,
Sparkle, languiſh, and deſire;
The Flames, unſeen, muſt yet be felt,
Like *Pallas* kill, like *Venus* melt.
The roſy Cheeks muſt ſeem to glow
Amidſt the White of new-fall'n Snow.
Let her Lips Perſuaſion wear,
In Silence elegantly fair;
As if the bluſhing Rivals ſtrove,
Breathing and inviting Love.
Below her Chin be ſure to deck,
With ev'ry Grace, her poliſh'd Neck.

While

Νῦν καὶ σωφροσύνην Θέμιδος, καὶ χεῖρας Αθήνης.
Ζεύ σοι δ' αἱ Χάριτες τέσσαρές εἰσι, φίλη.

Perſuaſion's Lips, the Bloom of Beauty's Queen;
Calliope's ſweet Voice; the Spring's gay Mien;
Minerva's Hands are yours, and *Themis*' Mind;
Four are the Graces to my Charmer join'd.

Στόλισον τολοιπὸν αὐτὴν]
Ὑπὸ πορφύρεσι πέπλοις
Διαφαινέτω δ' σαρκῶν
Ὀλίγον, τὸ σῶμ' ἐλέγχον.
Ἀπέχει· βλέπω γὰρ αὐτήν.
Τάχα, Κηρὲ, καὶ λαλήσεις.

ΩΔΗ ΚΘ'.

Ἔτι πρὸς τὸν ζωγράφον περὶ τοῦ ἐρωμένου ἑαυτοῦ, τοῦ Βαθύλλου.

ΓΡάφε μοι Βάθυλλον οὕτω,
Τὸν ἑταῖρον, ὡς διδάσκω.
Λιπαρὰς κόμας ποίησον,
Τὰ μὲν ἔνδοθεν μελαίνας,
Τὰ δ' ἐς ἄκρον ἡλιώσας·
Ἕλικας δ' ἐλευθέρους μοι

Πλο-

VER. 5 & 6. *But the Golden-curl'd Extremes Brighten into sunny Beams.*]
He would have *Bathyllus'* Hair black towards the Head, but lower, and by degrees inclining to a Yellow. *Horace* calls this Colour *Myrrheus*,

Myrrheum

When Madneſs great *Alcides* ſtruck,
He bent his Bow, his Quiver ſhook:
And *Ajax* mad, with ſeven-fold Shield,
And *Hector*'s Sword, rag'd o'er the Field.
But I with hurtleſs Fury rave,
Nor Bow I bend, nor Sword I wave:
This roſy Garland for my Hair,
This roſy Bowl, my Weapons are:
Then give my pleaſing Fury way,
For I'll be mad with Mirth to Day.

ODE

ling upon a Flock of Sheep, which he took for ſo many *Grecians*, firſt ſlew them, and then himſelf. His Shield was particularly celebrated for its Largeneſs, as we may learn from *Homer*'s Deſcription of it.

Huge was its Orb, with ſeven thick Folds o'ercaſt
Of tough Bull-hides; of ſolid Braſs the laſt. *Pope.*

VER. 12. *And* Hector's *Sword rag'd o'er the Field.*] *Sophocles* introduces *Ajax* ſpeaking of the Sword which *Hector* had preſented him.

Ἐγὼ γὰρ ἐξ οὗ χειρὶ τοῦτ' ἐδεξάμην
Πὰρ' Ἕκτορος δώρημα δυσμενεστάτου,
Οὔπω τι κεδνὸν ἔσχον Ἀργείων πάρα.

" Since I receiv'd this Sword from the fatal Hand of " *Hector*, I have had nothing but Affronts from the " *Greeks*.

VER. 9.

Πλοκάμων, ἄτακτα συνθεὶς,
Ἄφες, ὡς θέλουσι, κεῖσθαι.
Ἁπαλὸν δὲ καὶ δροσῶδες
Στεφέτω μέτωπον ὀφρὺς,
Κυανωτέρη Δρακόντων.
Μέλαν ὄμμα γοργὸν ἔστω,
Κεκερασμένον γαλήνῃ·
Τὸ μὲν ἐξ Ἄρηος ἕλκον,
Τὸ δὲ τῆς καλῆς Κυθήρης·
Ἵνα τὶς τὸ μὲν φοβῆται,
Τὸ δ' ἀπ' ἐλπίδος κρεμᾶται.
Ῥοδίνην δ', ὁποῖα μῆλον,
Χνοΐην ποίει παρειήν.

Ἐρύ-

" Myrrh Colour, which is between Black and Yellow.

Ovid also, describing his Mistress's,

Nec tamen ater erat, nec erat color aureus illis;
Sed quamvis neuter, mistus uterque color.
Qualem clivosæ madidis in vallibus Idæ
Ardua direpto cortice cedrus habet.

Amor. L. 1. Eleg. 14.

Nor of a black, nor of a golden Hue
They were, but of a Dye between the two;
Such as in rindless Cedar we behold,
The Black confounded with the dusky Gold.

VER. 8.

Let it flow with graceful Eaſe,
Diſengag'd, and where it pleaſe.
Next, in Arches of Delight,
Draw the ſable Shades of Sight;
And beneath his Forehead's Snow,
Nicely bend, like *Cupid*'s Bow.
Let his ſparkling Eyes declare,
Gently fierce, both Peace and War;
Terror from the God of Arms,
Softneſs from the Queen of Charms;
Take, and mingle ſo the Beams,
That amidſt the ſweet Extremes,

Envy

VER. 8. *Diſengag'd, and where it pleaſe.*] Crines ingenio ſuo flexi, per totos ſeſe humeros effuderant. *Petronius.*

"Her Hair negligently floating where it pleas'd, diſ-
"fus'd itſelf over her Shoulders.

VER. 15. *Terror from the God of Arms.*] *Mars* was fabled to be the Son of *Juno*, who, according to *Ovid*, conceiv'd him by ſmelling on a Flower: But *Heſiod* makes him the Son of *Jupiter* and *Juno*.

Ἐρύθημα δ', ὡς ἂν Αἰδῶς
Δώσασα βαλεῖν, ποίησον.
Τὸ δ' χεῖλος ἠχέτ' οἶδα,
Τινί μοι τρόπῳ ποιήσεις,
Ἄπαλόν, γέμον τε Πειθοῦς.
Τὸ δ' ὅλον ὁ κηρὸς αὐτὸς
Ἐχέτω λαλῶν σιωπῇ.
Μετὰ δ' ὑπόωπον ἔξω,
Τὸν Ἀδώνιδος παρελθών,
Ἐλεφάντινος τράχηλος.
Μεταμάζιον δ' ποίει,
Διδύμας τε χεῖρας Ἑρμοῦ,
Πολυδδύκεός τε μηρούς,
Διονυσίλλου τε πηδοῦ.
Ἄπαλῶν δ' ὑπερθε μηρῶν,
Μηρῶν τὸ πῦρ ἐχόντων,
Ἀφελῆ ποήσον αἰδῶ,
Παφίλλου θέλουσαν ἥδη.

Φθο-

VER. 29. *Whilſt a Blush's modeſt Pride.*] The Prieſteſs of *Apollo* being once ask'd, what Colour was moſt beautiful; anſwer'd, That which Modeſty paints upon the Cheeks of Perſons well-born. *Madam* D'Acier.

VER. 30.

Envy mayn't forget to fear,
Nor Love ever know Deſpair.
On his Cheeks, where Roſes glow,
The ſoft Peach's Down beſtow;
Whilſt a Bluſh's modeſt Pride
Shows the Charms it ſtrives to hide.
But ſo many Tranſports dwell
On his Lips, I know not well
How your Pencil can expreſs
Half their roſy Lovelineſs.
Let them ſoft Perſuaſion wear,
Soft Perſuaſion's Self is there;
Silence, eloquent as Speech,
Let their ſpeaking Silence teach.
Nothing mortal can compare
With his lovely Shape and Air;
Such a Neck, and ſuch a Breaſt,
Young *Adonis* ne'er poſſeſt;

Lilies

VER. 30. *Soft Perſuaſion's Self is there.*] *Meleager* calls his Miſtreſs, ἁδὺ ῥόδον πειθοῦς, *the ſweet Roſe of Perſuaſion.*

VER. 36. *Young* Adonis *ne'er poſſeſt.*] *Adonis*, call'd alſo

Φθονερὴν ἔχεις ᾗ τέχνην,
Ὅτι μὴ τὰ νῶτα δεῖξαι
Δύνασαι· τὰ δ' ἦν ἀμείνω.
Τί με δεῖ πόδας διδάσκειν;
Λάβε μισθὸν ὅσσον εἴπῃς·
Τὸν Ἀπόλλωνα ᾗ τοῦτον
Καθελὼν, ποίει Βαθύλλον.
Ἦν δ' ἐς Σάμον ποτ' ἔλθῃς,
Γράφε Φοῖβον ἐκ Βαθύλλου.

ΩΔΗ

also *Gingris* by the *Phœnicians*, was the Son of *Cinyras*, or *Vulcan*, King of *Cyprus*, and his Daughter *Myrrha*: He was of an extreme Beauty, and passionately belov'd by *Venus*, who, when he was kill'd by a wild Boar, went to Hell to release him; where she obtain'd of *Proserpine*, that each of them should enjoy him alternately for half the Year.

Macrobius, explaining this Fable, tells us, that by *Adonis* is meant the Sun, which, during its Progress thro' the six superior or Summer-Signs of the *Zodiack*, is said to be with *Venus*, or that Hemisphere of the Earth which we inhabit; but when it enters the six inferior or Winter-Signs, is said to be snatch'd away by *Proserpine*, to whom they consecrated the inferior Circle, or Hemisphere of the Antipodes.

VER. 45. *And when you* Bathyllus *see.*] *Bathyllus* had a celebrated Statue erected to his Honour at *Samos*, by *Polycrates*; *Apuleius* has given us a Description of it.

Vel

Lilies there for ever grow,
Whiter than the whiteſt Snow;
Nor did *Venus* ever kiſs
Hands more ſoft and fair than his.
What need I the Charms repeat,
Of his Iv'ry-poliſh'd Feet?
Take your Price ---- this *Phœbus* take,
Phœbus a *Bathyllus* make:
And when you *Bathyllus* ſee,
He ſhall *Phœbus'* Pattern be.

ODE

Vel inde ante aram Bathylli ſtatua à Polycrate tyranno dicata: quâ nihil videor effectius cognoviſſe. Quidam Pythagoræ eam falsò exiſtimant. Adoleſcens eſt viſenda pulchritudine, crinibus fronte parili ſeparatis per malas revulſis. Ponè autem coma prolixior interlucentem cervicem ſcapularum finibus obumbrat. Cervix ſucci plena, malæ uberes, genæ teretes, ac modico mento facies: eique prorſus citharœdicus ſtatus, Deam conſpiciens, canenti ſimilis, tunicam picturis variegatam deorſus ad pedes dejectus ipſos, Græcanico cingulo, chlamyda velat utrumque brachium aduſque articulos palmarum. Cætera decoris hiſtrici dependent. Cithara baltheo cælato apta, ſtrictim ſuſtinetur. Manus ejus teneræ, procerula læva diſtantibus digitis nervos molitur; dextera pſallentis geſtu ſuo pulſabulum citharæ admovet, ceu paratâ percutere. Cùm vox in cantico interquievit, interim canticum videtur ore tereti, ſemihiantibus in conatu labellis, eliquare. Verùm hæc quidem ſtatua eſto cujuſpiam puberum, quem Polycrati tyranno dilectus Anacreon Teius amicitiæ gratiâ cantillat.

This

ΩΔΗ Λ'.

Εἰς Ἔρωτα.

Αἱ Μοῦσαι τὸν Ἔρωτα,
Δήσασαι στεφάνοισι,
Τῷ Κάλλει παρέδωκαν.
Καὶ νῦν ἡ Κυθέρεια
Ζητεῖ λύτρα φέρουσα
Λύσασθαι τὸν Ἔρωτα.

Κἂν λύσῃ δέ τις αὐτὸν,
Οὐκ ἔξεισι, μένει δὲ·
Δουλεύειν δεδίδαχε.

ΩΔΗ

* This Ode is very fine, and the Fiction extremely ingenious. I believe *Anacreon* would inculcate, that Beauty alone can't long secure a Conqueſt; but that when Wit and Beauty meet, it's impoſſible for a Lover to diſengage himſelf. *Madam* D'Acier.

VER. 5. *Heav'nly Gifts to loſe his Chain.*] *Moſchus*, in

ODE XXX.

*ON CUPID.

ONCE the Muſes *Cupid* finding,
And in od'rous Bandage binding,
Straight their Flow'r-enfetter'd Slave
To the Guard of Beauty gave.
Heav'nly Gifts to looſe his Chain
Venus brings, but brings in vain;
Tho' releas'd, the God will ſtay,
He has learn'd, with Pride, t'obey.

ODE

in his *Run-away Love*, makes *Venus* offer a Reward to any one who ſhould only diſcover where he was.

——— Ὁ μαυτὰς γίγας ἐξεῖ
Μισθὸν τοι τὸ φίλημα τὸ Κύπριδος. ———
Who ſhall conduct me to the vagrant Boy,
A Kiſs ſhall have, replete of heav'nly Joy.
Sterling's Poems.

VER. 3.

Οἱ δὲ τραφέντες εὐθὺς
Πάλιν κύουσιν ἄλλους.
Τί μῆχος οὖν γένηται;
Οὐ γὰρ σθένω τοσούτους
Ἔρωτας ἐκβοῆσαι.

Ω Δ Η ΛΔ'.

Εἰς κόρην.

Μή με φύγῃς, ὁρῶσα
Τὴν πολιὰν ἔθειραν.
Μηδ', ὅτι σοι πάρεστιν
Ἄνθος ἀκμαῖον ὥρας,
Τἀμὰ φίλτρα διώξῃς.
Ὅρα κἀν στεφάνοισι,
Ὅπως πρέπει τὰ λευκὰ
Ῥόδοις κρίνα πλακέντα.

Ω Δ Η

VER. 7 & 8. *Ah, see how fair the Lily shows,*
When twin'd around the blushing Rose.]
Virgil has us'd the same Comparison, tho' on a different Occasion,

Vel

Who, in a Moment grown mature,
Build too, and hatch a thouſand more.
Ah me! what Help? no Tongue can tell
The Loves which in my Boſom dwell.

ODE XXXIV.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

AH, fly me not, enchanting Fair!
Ceaſe to deſpiſe my Silver Hair:
Tho' now upon your youthful State
Perfection's Bloom is proud to wait,
Scorn not my Paſſion, cruel Maid!
In this gay Chaplet on my Head,
Ah, ſee how fair the Lily ſhows!
When twin'd around the Bluſhing Roſe.

ODE

——— *Vel miſta rubent ubi lilia multa*
Alba roſa ——— ——— Æn. L. 12. Ver. 68.
Thus beautiful the Lily ſhows,
When damask'd by the Neighb'ring Roſe.

Ω Δ Η ΛΕ'.

Εἰς Εὐρώπην.

Ὁ Ταῦρος οὗτος, ὦ παῖ,
Ζεύς μοι δοκεῖ τις εἶναι·
Φέρει γὰρ ἀμφὶ νώτοις
Σιδωνίην γυναῖκα.
Περᾷ δὲ πόντον εὐρὺν,
Τέμνει δὲ κῦμα χηλαῖς.
Οὐκ ἂν δὲ ταῦρος ἄλλος
Ἐξ ἀγέλης ἐλασθεὶς,
Ἔπλευσε τὴν θάλασσαν,
Εἰ μὴ μόνος γ' ἐκεῖνος.

Ω Δ Η

Henry Stephens remarks, that a Shepherd in *Theocritus* employs the Argument in favour of black Hair.

Καὶ τὸ ἴον μέλαν ἐστὶ, καὶ ἀγραπτὰ ὑάκινθος,
Ἀλλ' ἔμπας ἐν τοῖς τεφάνοις τὰ πρῶτα λέγονται.

Idyll. 10.

* This

*ODE XXXV.

ON EUROPA.

THAT beauteous Bull which courts your Eyes,
Is *Jove*, my Boy, in that Diſguiſe:
For ſee, with what unuſual Pride
His threatn'ing Hoofs the Waves divide;
Whilſt on his Back the *Tyrian* Maid
Looks round, of ev'ry Wave afraid.
No other Bull but He had dar'd
To wander from the lowing Herd;
This lovely Burthen to ſuſtain,
Acroſs the Dangers of the Main.

ODE

* This Ode was compos'd on a Picture repreſenting the Rape of *Europa*. The Fable is finely told by *Ovid*, in the Second Book of his *Metamorphoſes*; and by *Horace* in the 27th Ode of his Third Book.

VER. 5. *Whilſt on his Back the* Tyrian *Maid.*] *Europa*,

Ω Δ Η Λϛ'.

Εἰς τὸ ἀνειμένως ζῆν.

Τί με τοὺς νόμους διδάσκεις,
Καὶ Ῥητόρων ἀνάγκας;
Τί δέ μοι λόγων τοσούτων,
Τῶν μηδὲν ὠφελούντων;
Μᾶλλον δίδασκε πίνειν
Ἁπαλὸν πῶμα Λυαίου·
Μᾶλλον δίδασκε παίζειν
Μετὰ χρυσέης Ἀφροδίτης.
Πολιαὶ κάραν ϛέφουσι·
Δὸς ὕδωρ, βάλ' οἶνον, ὦ παῖ,
Ψυχὴν δ' ἐμοὶ κάρωσον.

Βραχὺ

ropa, the Daughter of *Agenor* King of *Phœnicia*; was carry'd away by the *Cretans* in a Ship whose Ensign was a Bull; which occasion'd the Fable of *Jupiter's* bearing her over the *Hellespont* in that Shape. By *Asterius* King of *Crete*, she had *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus*, and was deify'd after her Death by the Name of *Rhea*.

VER. 11.

ODE XXXVI.

That we ought to enjoy LIFE.

TEACH me not your boaſted Rules,
Empty Babble of the Schools!
What of Good to me affords
Your Philoſophy of Words?

Rather teach me to refine,
In the Wiſdom of good Wine:
Rather teach me to improve,
In the golden Joys of Love.

Time has crown'd my Head with Snow,
Mix the Bowl, Boy, let it flow!
I muſt ſoon reſign my Breath,
Firſt I give my Cares to Death;

Living

VER. 11. *I muſt ſoon reſign my Breath.*] Agreeable to this Reflexion, a Philoſopher in *Petronius* ſays, *Ego ſic ſemper & ubique vixi, ut ultimam quamque lucem tanquam non redituram, conſumerem.* Wherever I am, I always enjoy the preſent Day, as if I never expected to ſee another.

Βραχὺ μὴ-ζῶντα καλύπτεις.
Ὁ θανὼν οὐκ ἐπιθυμεῖ.

Ω Δ Η ΛΖ'.

Εἰς τὸ Ἔαρ.

Ἴδε, πῶς Ἔαρος φανέντος,
Χάριτες ῥόδα βρύουσι·
Ἴδε, πῶς κῦμα θαλάσσης
Ἀπαλυνέθ' γαλήνῃ.
Ἴδε, πῶς νῆσα κολυμβᾷ
Ἴδε, πῶς γέρανος ὁδεύει.
Ἀφελῶς δ' ἔλαμψε Τιτάν.

Νεφε-

VER. 14. *There's no Drinking in the Grave.*] *Horace* tells us the same,

Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia; quò simul mearis,

Nec

Living, let me Pleaſure have,
There's no Drinking in the Grave.

ODE XXXVII.

ON THE SPRING.

THE Spring, the warbling Spring appears!
His Voice each Grace with Tranſport hears;
And running, flying, o'er the Plain,
Contend which firſt ſhall join his Train;
Diffuſing, as they lightly bound,
A thouſand fragrant Sweets around.
Old Ocean hears the Call with Pride,
And lays each angry Frown aſide;
As ſmooth his cryſtal Chariot moves,
As Beauty's Queen when drawn by Doves.
The Duck her wat'ry Sport renews;
The Crane her airy Voyage purſues;
The Sun a Bridegroom's Dreſs aſſumes;
And like a Bride all Nature blooms.

No

Nec regna vini ſortiere talis;
Nec tenerum Lycidam mirabere, &c. L. 1. Od. 4.

VER. 12. *The Crane her airy Voyage purſues.*] The original Word ὁδάει, being ambiguous, and ſignifying either

Νεφελῶν σκιαὶ δονεῦνται,
Τὰ βροτῶν δ' ἔλαμψεν ἔργα.
Καρποῖσι γῆ πεφύτευται·
Καρπὸς ἐλαίας πεφύτευται·
Βρομίῳ τρέφεται τὸ νᾶμα,
Κατὰ φύλλον, κατὰ κλῶνα,
Καθελὼν ἤνθισε καρπός.

ΩΔΗ

either *to come*, or *to go*, has occaſion'd different Opinions as to the Senſe of this Paſſage. Madam *D'Acier* and *Barnes* eſpouſe the latter; but Mr. *L'Abbé Regnier*, who is of the other Sentiment, produces a Paſſage from the *Natural Experiments* of Mr. *Redi*, firſt Phyſician to the Great Duke, wherein the Author tells us, that he had ſeen Cranes appear in *Tuſcany*, towards the End of *February* and middle of *September*; and ſince *Greece* is almoſt of the ſame Temperature as *Tuſcany* (adds Mr. *Regnier*) the Return of Spring muſt produce the ſame Effects

No Clouds deform our *Halcyon* Sky;
The Vallies clap their Hands for Joy;
The Mountains ſmile; the Hills look gay;
And Deſarts boaſt the Pride of *May*:
The Furrows laugh; the Olives ſwell;
And budding Vines their Raptures tell:
In Embryo yet depends our Mirth;
Grant, *Bacchus!* grant a happy Birth!
That tho' thoſe Leaves conceal it there,
Yet I may ſee it ſparkle here,
Here, in this Bowl, this Bowl of Bliſs,
May ev'ry Spring return like this!

ODE

feſts in one as the other. That Storks return at that time into *Italy*, we learn from *Virgil*.

——— *Vere rubenti*
Candida venit avis, longis invisa colubris.
Georg. L. 2. Ver. 329.

But when the golden Spring reveals the Year,
And the white Bird returns, whom Serpents fear.
Dryden.

VER. 4.

Ω Δ Η ΛΗ'.

Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Ἐγὼ γέρων μὲν εἰμι,
Νέων πλέον δὲ πίνω.
Κἂν δεήσῃ με χορεύειν,
Σκῆπτρον ἔχω τὸ ἀσκόν·
Νάρθηξ γὰρ οὐδέν ἐστιν.
Ὁ μὲν θέλων μάχεσθαι,
Παρέστω, καὶ μαχέσθω.
Ἐμοὶ κύπελλον, ὦ παῖ,
Μελιχρὸν οἶνον ἡδὺν
Ἐγκεράσας, φόρησον.
Ἐγὼ γέρων μὲν εἰμι·
Σειληνὸν ἐν μέσοις δὲ
Μιμούμενος χορεύσω.

Ο Δ Η

VER. 4. *I no leafy Scepter bear.*] In the *Bacchanalian* Dancés amongst the Ancients, the Leader of them bore a Rod or Scepter, which they call'd νάρθηξ Whence the Proverb, Πολλοὶ δὴ ναρθηκοφόροι, παῦροι δέ τε Βάκχοι.

VER. 12.

ODE XXXVIII.

ON HIMSELF.

OLD I am, yet ſtill can make
Younger Heads with Drinking ake.
When I for the Dance prepare,
I no leafy Scepter bear,
But a Bumper; *Bacchus'* Reign
Scepter'd Bumpers beſt maintain.
If in War you take Delight,
Come, and with theſe Arms let's fight.
Fill the Bowl, Boy, fill it high,
Let me flood my Soul with Joy.
Old I am, and therefore may,
Like *Silenus*, dance and play.

ODE

VER. 12. *Like* Silenus, *dance and play.*] *Silenus* was the Tutor and Companion of *Bacchus*, and fought for the Gods againſt the Giants; for which Service, they chang'd his Aſs which carry'd him in the Battle, into a Star. *Ovid* has given us his Picture,

— *Bacchæ*,

Ω Δ Η ΛΘ'.

Εἰς Ἑαυτόν.

Ὅτ' ἐγὼ πίω τὸ οἶνον,
Τότε μὲν ἦτορ ἰανθὲν
Μούσας ἄρχεται λιγαίνειν.
Ὅτ' ἐγὼ πίω τὸ οἶνον,
Ἀποριπτεται μέριμνα,

Πολυ-

——— *Bacchæ, Satyrique sequuntur,*
Quique senex ferula titubantes ebrius artus
Sustinet, & pando non fortiter hæret asello.
Metam. L. 4.

Around, the *Bacchæ* and the Satyrs throng;
Behind, *Silenus*, drunk, lags slow along:
On his dull Ass he nods from Side to Side,
Forbears to fall, yet half forgets to ride. *Eusden.*

VER. 3 & 4. *Warbling to the Vocal String,*
Some gay Air I warbling sing.]
Anacreon is not the only one who has acknowledg'd *Bacchus* to be the best Friend to the Muses. *Cratinus*, the Comic Poet, has declar'd it impossible to write well, without his Assistance.

Prisco

ODE XXXIX.

ON HIMSELF.

WHEN the roſy Bowl I drain,
Tranſports revel in each Vein.
Warbling to the Vocal String,
Some gay Air I warbling ſing.
When I flood my Soul with Wine,
Care I to the Winds reſign;
Let

Priſco ſi credis, Mæcenas docte, Cratino,
Nulla placere diu, nec vivere Carmina poſſunt
Quæ ſcribuntur aquæ potoribus.
Hor. Epiſt. L. 1. 19.

My Lord, if what *Cratinus* ſays be right,
Thoſe Verſes cannot live, thoſe Lines delight,
Which Water-drinkers pen; in vain they write.
Creech.

VER. 6. *Care I to the Winds reſign.*] *Horace* has expreſs'd himſelf in the ſame manner:

——— *Triſtitiam & metus*
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis ——— L. 1. Od. 26.

VER. 24.

Πολυφροντίδες τε βουλαὶ,
Ἐς ἁλικτύπους ἀήτας.
Ὅτ' ἐγὼ πίω τὸν οἶνον,
Φιλοπαίγμων τότε Βάκχος.
Πολυανθέσιν μ' ἐν αὔραις
Δονέει μέθη γανώσας.
Ὅτ' ἐγὼ πίω τὸν οἶνον,
Στεφάνους ἄνθεσι πλέξας,
Ἐπιθεὶς δὲ τῷ καρήνῳ,
Μέλπω βιότου γαλήνην.
Ὅτ' ἐγὼ πίω τὸν οἶνον,
Μύρῳ εὐώδεϊ τέγξας
Δέμας, ἀγκάλαις δὲ κούρην
Κατέχων, Κύπριν ἀείδω.
Ὅτ' ἐγὼ πίω τὸν οἶνον,
Ὑποκύρτοισι κυπέλλοις
Τὸν ἐμὸν νόον γ' ἁπλώσας,
Θιάσῳ γέγηθα κούρων.

Ὅτ'

VER. 24. *Dance, and am as young as they.*] The Word θίασος, which Madam *D'Acier* translates *une troupe de gens*, a Company of People, signifies properly a Dancing; as *Servius* informs us in his Remark on this Line of *Virgil*.

Daphnis

Let it Sea or Sky deform,
My calm Breaſt ne'er feels a Storm.

When I taſte the Cup of Joy,
To ſome fragrant Bow'r I fly,
And by *Bacchus* bloom'd appear
Fair as any Roſe-Bud there.

When in Wine I drown my Care,
Flow'ry Garlands I prepare;
And when wreath'd with od'rous Joy,
Sing, *Ye Gods, how bleſt am I!*

When in Wine my Cares I ſteep,
Balmy Odours round me weep:
Whilſt entranc'd in Beauty's Arms,
Venus, I adore thy Charms!

When I drain the ſpacious Bowl,
Drinking, I enlarge my Soul,
And with young Men, ever-gay,
Dance, and am as young as they.

Sinkin

Daphnis Thiaſos inducere Bacche.
Daphnis did Rites to *Bacchus* firſt ordain,
And holy Revels for his reeling Train.
Longepierre.

Ὅτ' ἐγὼ πίω τὸ οἶνον,
Τόδε μοι μόνῳ τὸ κέρδος·
Τόδ' ἐγὼ λαβὼν ἀποίσω.
Τὸ θανεῖν γὰρ μετὰ πάντων.

ΩΔΗ Μ'.

Εἰς Ἔρωτα.

Ἔρως ποτ' ἐν ῥόδοισι
Κοιμωμένην μέλιτταν
Οὐκ εἶδεν, ἀλλ' ἐτρώθη·
Τὸν δάκτυλον δὲ δηχθεὶς
Τῆς χειρὸς, ὠλόλυξε.
Δραμὼν δὲ καὶ πετασθεὶς
Πρὸς τὴν καλὴν Κυθήρην,
Ὄλωλα, μᾶτερ, εἶπεν,
Ὄλωλα, κἀποθνήσκω·
Ὄφις μ' ἔτυψε μικρὸς
Πτερω-

VER. 10. *A little Serpent wing'd to fly.*] Madam *D'Acier* remarks, that *Anacreon* makes *Cupid* speak in this manner, because, according to the *Pagan* Theology,

Sinking thus a Flood of Wine,
This dear Bleſſing I make mine;
Life's ſhort Pleaſures to enjoy,
Sad or merry, all muſt die.

ODE XL.

ON CUPID.

AS *Cupid* 'midſt the Roſes play'd,
Gay-ſporting thro' the Damask Shade;
A Bee which ſlept unſeen among
The Silken Leaves, his Finger ſtung.

In Tears his beauteous Cheeks were drown'd,
He ſtorm'd, he blow'd the burning Wound;
Then running, flying thro' the Grove,
Thus plaintive to the Queen of Love:

I'm kill'd, Mama! Ah me, I die!
A little Serpent wing'd to fly,

That's

gy, the Language of the Gods was different from that of Men; but, as Mr. *Longepierre* obſerves, to render a Paſſage of this Nature learn'd, is to make it obſcure; for

Πτερωτὸς, ὃν καλοῦσι
Μέλιτταν οἱ γεωργοί.
Ἡ δ' εἶπεν, Εἰ τὸ κέντρον
Πονεῖ τὸ τῆς μελίττης,
Πόσον, δοκεῖς, πονοῦσιν,
Ἔρως, ὅσους σὺ βάλλεις;

ΟΔΗ

for nothing can be more natural to imagine, than that an Infant who had heard of the Stinging of Serpents, when he found himself stung by a little Creature, he hardly knew what, should immediately think it one. The Labourers might call it a Bee as long as they pleas'd, his Pain and Fright made him persist it was a Serpent.

Theocritus has imitated this beautiful Ode in his 19th *Idyllium*.

Τὸν κλέπταν ποτ' Ἔρωτα κακὰ κέντασε μέλισσα,
Κηρίον ἐκ σίμβλων συλεύμενον· ἄκρα δὲ χειρῶν
Δάκτυλα πάνθ' ὑπένυξεν. ὁ δ' ἄλγεε, καὶ χέρ' ἐφύσση,
Καὶ τὰν γᾶν ἐπάταξε, καὶ ἅλατο· τᾷ δ' Ἀφροδίτᾳ
Δεῖξεν

That's call'd a Bee, on yonder Plain,
Has ſtung me; Oh, I die with Pain!
When *Venus*, ſmiling, thus rejoin'd,
My Dear, if you ſuch Anguiſh find
From the Reſentment of a Bee,
Think what they feel who're ſtung by thee!

ODE

Δεῖξεν τὰν ὀδύναν, καὶ μέμφετο, ἔπτυγε τυτθὸν
Θηρίον ἐντὶ μελίσσα, καὶ ἁλίκα τραύματα ποιεῖ.
Χ' ἁ μάτηρ γελάσασα, τὺ δ' οὐκ ἴσος ἐσσὶ μελίσσαις;
Χ' ὠ τυτθὸς μ' ἔης, τὰ δὲ τραύματα ἁλίκα ποιεῖς;

As *Cupid* robb'd the Hives with Felon Joy,
A Bee reveng'd the Theft, and ſtung the Boy.
He blows the burning Wound, he ſtamps, he cries,
And wing'd with Anguiſh to fair *Venus* flies.
He ſhews his Pain; Ah look, Mama; ſays he,
What mighty Wounds inflicts a little Bee!
And you're a Bee, my Son, ſhe ſmiling cry'd;
What mighty Wounds inflicts thy little Pride!

VER. 3.

ΩΔΗ ΜΑ'.

Εἰς συμπόσιον.

Ἰλαρὸν πίωμεν οἶνον,
Ἀναμέλψωμεν δ' Βάκχον,
Τὸν ἐφευρέτην χορείας,
Τὸν ὅλας ποθεῖνα μολπάς,
Τὸν ὁμότροπόν γ' Ἔρωτι,
Τὸν ἐρώμυιον Κυθήρης·
Δι' ὃν ἡ Μέθη λοχᾶται,
Δι' ὃν ἡ Χάρις τ' ἐτέχθη,
Δι' ὃν ἀμπαύει Λύπη,
Δι' ὃν δυνάζετ' Ἀνία.

Τὸ

VER. 3. *He firſt taught th' harmonious Maze.*] The Antients not only attributed to *Bacchus* the Invention of Dancing, but of Comedy, and all Dramatic Sports.
Madam *D'Acier.*

VER. 5. *With Love's ſmiling God he ſports.*] The Original is Τὸν ὁμότροπον Ἔρωτι, having the ſame Manners as *Cupid.* An old *Latin* Epigram has a ſimilar Expreſſion.

Nam ſunt unanimi Bacchus Amorque Dii.

VER. 7.

ODE XLI.

THE REVEL.

PUSH the roſy Goblet round,
Jovial *Bacchus* let's reſound!
He firſt taught th' harmonious Maze,
He demands our ſportive Lays.
With Love's ſmiling God he ſports,
Love's gay-ſmiling Queen he courts.
From him roſy-dimpled Mirth,
And the Graces claim their Birth.
Pain he ſweetly laughs to Reſt,
Grief he lulls on Tranſport's Breaſt.
When

VER. 7. *From him roſy-dimpled Mirth.*] Madam *D'Acier* aſſures us, that μεθη ſhould be wrote with a great M, becauſe *Anacreon* in this Place makes him a Deity. There's a certain *Methé* in *Nonnus*, who calls *Bacchus* his Father. *Longepierre.*

VER. 8. *And the Graces claim their Birth.*] The Opinion that the Graces were the Daughters of *Bacchus* and *Venus*, was perhaps founded on this Paſſage. Madam *D'Acier.*

Στεφανίσκους δ' ὑακίνθων
Κροτάφοισιν ἀμφιπλέξας,
Μετὰ παρθένων ἀθύρειν
Φιλέω μάλιστα πάντων.
Φθόνον οὐκ οἶδ' ἐμὸν ἦτορ,
Φθόνον οὐ δείδια δήκτην·
Φιλολοιδόροιο γλώττης
Φεύγω βέλεμνα κοῦφα.
Στυγέω μάχας παροίνους
Πολυκώμους κατὰ δαῖτας·
Νεοθηλέος' ἅμα κούραις
Ὑπὸ βαρβίτῳ χορεύων,
Βιὸν ἥσυχον φέρωμεν.

Ω Δ Η

VER. 12. *Nor care I who envies me.*] I have follow'd the Correction of *Barnes*, who reads Φθόνον οὐ δείδια δήκτην, the common received Text Φθόνον οὐκ οἶδα δαϊκτὸν, being a manifest Corruption, as well as a Tautology.

VER. 14. *Wing from Malice' Shafts my Flight.*] The Scripture abounds with this beautiful Metaphor. *Who whet their Tongue like a Sword, and bend their Bows to shoot their Arrows, even bitter Words*, Psalm. lxiv. 3. *And*

But when I my Brows perfume
With the Hyacinth's sweet Bloom;
And with Nymphs, like *Venus* fair,
Sport, no Joys with mine compare.
My gay Heart's from Envy free,
Nor care I who envies me;
But on Pinions of Delight,
Wing from Malice' Shafts my Flight.
Over Wine the rude Debate,
And the civil Broil I hate.
To the *Lyre*'s enchanting Sound,
We'll with blooming Beauties bound;
Nor to Life the Bliss deny,
To walk Hand in Hand with Joy.

ODE

And they bend their Tongues like their Bows for Lies, Jer. ix. 3.

VER. 15 & 16. *Over Wine the rude Debate,*
And the Civil Broil I hate.]

Anacreon in his Seventh Epigram.

Οὐ φίλω, ὃς κρητῆρι μὴ πλέῳ οἰνοποτάζων,
Νείκεα καὶ πόλεμον δακρυόεντα λέγει·
Ἀλλ' ὅστις Μουσέων τε, καὶ ἀγλαὰ δῶρ' Ἀφροδίτης
Συμμίσγων, ἐρατῆς μνήσκεται ἀφροσύνης.

ΩΔΗ ΜΓ'.

Εἰς τέττιγα.

Μακαρίζομέν σε, τέττιξ,
Ὅτι δενδρέων ἐπ' ἄκρων,
Ὀλίγην δρόσον πεπωκώς,
Βασιλεὺς ὅπως, ἀείδεις·
Σὰ γάρ ἐστι κεῖνα πάντα,
Ὁπόσα βλέπεις ἐν ἀγροῖς,
Ἠδ' ὁπόσα φέρουσιν Ὧραι.

Σὺ

He's not my Taſte, who o'er the ſocial Bowl,
With Tales of War untunes the mirthful Soul.
But he who fires the Heart, and charms the Mind,
With Golden *Venus* to the Muſes join'd.

VER. 3. *Nectar'd Dew you ſip, and ſing.*] The Graſhopper's Singing has been celebrated by divers Poets; an Epigram of *Antipater*'s, *Antholog.* L. 1. prefers it to the Swan's.

Ἀρκεῖ Τέττιγας μεθύσαι δρόσῳ, ἀλλὰ καὶ οἵους
Ἀηδὼν κύκνων ἀντὶ γεγωνότερους.

Whan

ODE XLIII.

On the GRASSHOPPER.

ON thy verdant Throne elate,
Lovely Insect! there in State,
Nectar'd Dew you sip, and sing,
Like a little happy King.

All thou see'st so bloomy-fine,
Lovely Insect, all is thine!
Which the painted Fields produce,
Or the soft-wing'd Hours profuse.

Swains

When chear'd with Dew, the Grashoppers rejoice,
Nor warble Swans with half so sweet a Voice.

VER. 4. *Like a little happy King.*] It has been observ'd that the Male Grashoppers only sing; whence the satyrical Saying of *Xenarchus* the Comick Poet. Ἔτ' εἰσὶν οἱ τέττιγες οὐκ εὐδαίμονες, ὧν ταῖς γυναιξὶν οὐδ' ὅτι οὖν φωνῆς ἔνι; *How happy are the Grashoppers, who have dumb Wives!*

VER. 8. *Or the soft-wing'd Hours profuse.*] By the ὥραι, or *Hours*, the Poet means the Seasons.

Σὺ γὰρ εἶ φίλος γεωργοῖς,
Ἀπὸ μηδενός τι βλάπτων·
Σὺ δὲ τίμιος βροτοῖσι,
Θέρεος γλυκὺς προφήτης.

Φιλέουσι μὲν σε Μοῦσαι,
Φιλέει δὲ Φοῖβος αὐτὸς,
Λιγυρὴν δ' ἔδωκεν οἴμην·
Τὸ δὲ γῆρας οὔ σε τείρει.

Σοφὲ,

VER. 12. *Thou foretell'st the ripen'd Year.*] Grasshoppers are mostly heard about the latter End of Spring.

VER. 13. *By the Muses thou'rt caress'd.*] *Ælian*, writing against those who eat Grashoppers, says, Καὶ σφᾶς λελήθασι, ταῖς Μούσαις Διὸς θυγατράσι, ταῦτα ἀπὸ θυμοῦ δρῶντες. *They are ignorant how much they offend the Muses, the Daughters of* Jupiter. Whence it appears that these Animals were esteem'd sacred to the Muses, and the Eating of them accounted an Impiety. The following Epigram contains a beautiful Complaint of a Grashopper against that Practice.

Τίπτε με τὴν φιλέρημον ἀναιδέϊ, ποιμένες, ἄγρῃ
Τέττιγα δροσερῶν ἕλκετ' ἀπ' ἀκρεμόνων,
Τὴν Νυμφῶν παροδῖτιν ἀηδόνα, καύματι μέσσῳ,
Οὔρεσι καὶ σκιεραῖς ξυθὰ καλεῦντα νάπαις;
Ἠνίδε καὶ Κίκχλην, καὶ Κόσσυφον, ἠνίδε τόσσους
Ψᾶρας, ἀρουραίης ἅρπαγας εὐπορίης.

Καρ-

Swains adore thy guiltless Charms,
None thy blissful Revel harms.
Thee, sweet Prophet! all revere,
Thou foretell'st the ripen'd Year.
By the Muses thou'rt carest,
Thou'rt by golden *Phœbus* blest;
He indulg'd thy tuneful Voice,
Age ne'er interrupts thy Joys.

Wisest

Καρπῶν δηλητῆρας ἑλεῖν θέμις· Ὄλλυτ' ἐκείνους.
Φύλλων ἢ χλοερῆς τίς φθόνος ἐστὶ δρόσου;

Ye Swains, why seek ye here a lawless Prize,
And chase me from my dewy-verdant Joys?
Me, who o'er Hills and Dales the Nymphs among,
Still wait on sweet *Aëdon*'s Summer-Song.
See where the gaudy Thrush and Blackbird prey,
And Starlings flock to steal your Grain away!
War with your Foes? — but why should you pursue,
With envious Spite, green Leaves and rory Dew?

VER. 16. *Age ne'er interrupts thy Joys.*] Grasshoppers cast their old Skins in Summer, according to *Lucretius*.

Dum veteres ponunt tunicas æstate Cicadæ.
L. 4. Ver. 56.

VER. 17.

Σοφὲ, γηγενὴς, φίλυμνε,
Ἀπαθὴς, ἄναιμ', ἄσαρκε,
Σχεδὸν εἶ θεοῖς ὅμοιος.

ΩΔΗ ΜΔ'.

Εἰς τὸ ἑαυτῆ ὄνειρον.

Ἔδοξεν ὄναρ τροχάζειν,
Πτέρυγας φέρων ἐπ' ὤμων.

Ὁ

VER. 17. *Wiſeſt Offspring of the Earth.*] The Gods, according to *Heſiod*, were γηγενεῖς, the *Offspring of Heaven and Earth*; and the *Athenians* wore little Graſhoppers of Gold in their Hair, to ſhew they were born of the Earth like thoſe Inſects.

The Graſhopper is call'd Σοφὲ *wiſe*, from its Skill in Muſick and Prophecy, which it enjoy'd in common with *Apollo*, *Mercury*, and the *Muſes*.

VER. 19. *Free from Pain, and Fleſh, and Blood.*] *Homer* repreſents the Gods as free from Blood. Speaking of *Venus* wounded, he ſays,

From

Wiſeſt Offspring of the Earth!
Thou for nothing car'ſt but Mirth;
Free from Pain, and Fleſh, and Blood,
Thou'rt almoſt a little God. 20

*ODE XLIV.

ON HIS DREAM.

METhought with rapid Speed I flew,
And Wings upon my Shoulders grew;

When

From the clear Vein a Stream immortal flow'd,
Such Stream as iſſues from a wounded God;
Pure Emanation! uncorrupted Flood;
Unlike our groſs, diſeas'd, terreſtrial Blood:
(For not the Bread of Man their Life ſuſtains,
Nor Wine's inflaming Juice ſupplies their Veins.)
Pope.

* Nothing can be more politely imagin'd than this Ode, nor more courtly than the Turn of it. *Behold*, ſays Madam *D'Acier*, *one of the fineſt and moſt gallant Odes of Antiquity; and if She for whom it was compos'd was as beautiful, all* Greece *could produce nothing more charming.*

VER. 3 & 4.

Ὁ δ' Ἔρως, ἔχων μόλυβδον
Περὶ τοῖς καλοῖς ποδίσκοις,
Ἐδίωκε κ' οὐ κίχανε.

Τί θέλει γ' ὄναρ τόδ' εἶναι;
Δοκέω δ' ἔγωγε πολλοῖς
Ἐν ἐρωσί με πλακέντα,
Διολισθάνειν ἐν ἄλλοις,
Ἐνὶ τῷδε συνδεθῆναι.

ΩΔΗ ΜΕ'.

Εἰς τὰ Ἐρωτ. βέλη.

Ὁ Ἀνὴρ ὁ τ' Κυθήρης,
Παρὰ Λημνίοις καμίνοις,

Τὰ

VER. 3 & 4. *When Love, altho' his beauteous Feet*
Were cumber'd with a Leaden Weight.] *Eubulus* the Comick Poet would have been delighted with this Deſcription of Love, it being entirely conformable to his Sentiments, as he himſelf delivers them,

Τίς ὧδ' ὁ γεάψας πρῶτος ἀνθρώπων ἔρως,
Ἢ κηροπλαστήσας Ἔρωθ' ὑπέπτερον;

Ως

When Love, altho' his beauteous Feet
Were cumber'd with a leaden Weight,
Purſu'd, and overtook my Flight.
What means this viſionary Fright?
But ah, too viſible appears
The Riddle of my ſlumb'ring Fears!
And I who wing'd with Joy erewhile,
Eluded ev'ry am'rous Toil,
Am now involv'd in ſuch a Chain,
That I ſhall ne'er be free again.

ODE XLV.

ON CUPID's DARTS.

AS once the Lord of Beauty's Queen,
At *Lemnos'* Forge, with buſy Mien,

Em-

Ως ὐδὲν ᾔδει πλὴν χελιδόνας γράφειν,
Αλλ' ἦν ἄπειρος τῶν τρόπων τῶν τοῦ θεοῦ.]
Εστιν γὰρ οὔτε κοῦφος, οὔτε ῥάδιος
Απαλλαγῆναι τῷ φέροντι τὸν νόσον,
Βαρὺς δὲ κομιδῇ· πῶς ἂν οὖν ἔχων πτέρα;

VER. 1. *As once the Lord of Beauty's Queen.*] *Thoas*, a *Cretan*,

Τὰ βέλη τὰ τ' Ἐρώτων
Ἐποίει λαβὼν σίδηρον.
Ἀκίδας δ' ἔβαπτε Κύπρις,
Μέλι τὸ γλυκὺ λαβοῦσα,
Ὁ δ' Ἔρως χολὴν ἔμισγε.
Ὁ δ' Ἄρης ποτ' ἐξ αὐτῆς,
Στιβαρὸν δόρυ κεφαλαίνων,
Βέλος ἠυτέλιζ' Ἔρωτος.
Ὁ

a *Cretan* Worker in Metals, being made King of *Lemnos* by *Rhadamanthus* the Brother of *Minos*, marry'd *Venus* or *Calycopis*, the Daughter of *Otreus* King of *Phrygia*. Having furnish'd the *Egyptians* with Armour, after his Death they deify'd him by the Name of *Baal-Canaan*, or *Vulcan*, and a magnificent Temple was built to his Honour at *Memphis*, by *Menes* the Successor of *Orus*.

Bacchus being caught in Bed with his Wife, appeas'd him by making him King of *Byblus* and *Cyprus*, and gave Occasion to the Fable of his taking *Mars* and *Venus* in a Net. The Story of his being thrown from Heaven, alludes to his falling from the Heaven of the *Cretan* Gods, when he went from *Crete* to *Lemnos* to work in Metals. From *Venus*' sailing from *Phrygia* to the Island *Cythera*, and from thence to be Queen of *Cyprus*, she was said by the *Cyprians* to be born of the Froth of the Sea, and was painted sailing upon a Shell.

VER. 2. *At* Lemnos' *Forge with busy Mien.*] *Lemnos* is an Isle of the *Ægean* Sea; *Homer* makes *Vulcan* give

Employ'd his Steel-ſubduing Arts,
T' equip the little Loves with Darts;
In Honey *Venus* dipt them all,
But wanton *Cupid* mingled Gall.
When, brandiſhing a mighty Spear,
From Fight return'd, great *Mars* drew near;
And looking round, with ſcornful Eyes,
On *Cupid*'s Arrows, call'd them Toys.
Here,

give the following Deſcription of *Jupiter*'s throwing him from Heaven, and his Fall into it.

Once in your Cauſe I felt his matchleſs Might,
Hurl'd headlong downward from th' etherial Height;
Toſt all the Day in rapid Circles round;
Nor till the Sun deſcended touch'd the Ground;
Breathleſs I fell, in giddy Motion loſt;
The *Sinthians* rais'd me on the *Lemnian* Coaſt.
Pope.

VER. 5. *In Honey* Venus *dipt them all.*] *Horace* calls it the Nectar of *Venus.*

——— *Oſcula, quæ Venus*
Quintâ parte ſui nectaris imbuit. L. 1. Ode. 13.

——— ——— A Kiſs
Which *Venus* doth in Nectar ſteep,
And hang upon the balmy Lip,
To draw us on to Bliſs. *Creech.*

VER. 6. *But wanton* Cupid *mingled Gall.*] Namque è Caſtor Amor & melle & felle eſt fœcundiſſimus, *Plautus.* VER. 15.

Ὁ δ' Ἔρως, Τόδ' ἔστιν, εἶπε,
Βαρύ· πειράσας νοήσεις.
Ἔλαβεν βέλεμνον Ἄρης·
Ὑπεμειδίασε Κύπρις·
Ὁ δ' Ἄρης ἀναστενάξας,
Βαρύ, φησὶν, ἆρον αὐτό.
Ὁ δ' Ἔρως, Ἔχ' αὐτὸ, φησί.

Ω Δ Η Μϛ'.

Εἰς Ἔρωτα.

Χαλεπὸν τὸ μὴ φιλῆσαι,
Χαλεπὸν δὲ καὶ φιλῆσαι·
Χαλεπώτερον δὲ πάντων
Ἀποτυγχάνειν φιλοῦντα.

Τένος.

VER. 15. *But* Mars, *deep-sighing with the Smart.*] The Darts of Love are so dangerous, that one can't so much as touch them with Safety. *Moschus* intimates the same,

Ἢν δὲ λέγῃ, λάβε ταῦτα, χαρίζομαι ὅσσά μοι ὅπλα.

Μήτι

Here, take This, *Mars*, no Toy you'll find
This slighted Shaft, the Boy rejoin'd:
In haste *Mars* snatch'd it from the Child,
With conscious Triumph *Venus* smil'd.
But *Mars*, deep-sighing with the Smart,
Here, *Cupid*, take your cruel Dart!
I own the Error of my Pride:
No, keep it, *Mars*, the Wanton cry'd.

ODE XLVI.

ON LOVE.

IT's a Pain to miss Love's Smart,
Wing'd with Pain is *Cupid's* Dart;
But the most Joy-killing Pain,
Waits the Love which loves in vain.

Noble

Μήτι θίγῃς· πλάνα δῶρα· τὰ γὰρ πυρὶ πάντα βέβαπται. Idyll. 1.

Would he resign his Arms, ev'n those disclaim;
The Gifts of Love are ting'd with subtle Flame.
Sterling's Poems.

Mr.

Γένος οὐδὲν εἰς Ἔρωτα·
Σοφίη, τρόπος πατεῖται.
Μόνον ἄργυρον βλέπουσιν.

Ἀπόλοιτο πρῶτος αὐτὸς
Ὁ τὴν ἄργυρον φιλήσας.
Διὰ τοῦτον οὐκ ἀδελφὸς,
Διὰ τοῦτον οὐ τοκῆες.

Πό-

Mr. *Le Fevre* was so transported with this Ode, that he could not forbear crying out,

Felix, ah! nimium felix, cui Carmine tali
Fluxit ab Aoniis vena beata jugis.
Quid melius dictaret Amor, Risusque, Jocique,
Et cum germanis Gratia juncta suis?

Thrice happy he! to whose enraptur'd Soul
Such Numbers from th' *Aonian* Mountains roll;
More finish'd what could Love or Laughter write,
Or what the Graces dictate more polite?

VER. 5. *Noble Birth has lost its Charms.*]

Nil tibi Nobilitas poterit conducere amanti.
Propert.

Your noble Birth can't plead the cause of Love.

VER. 6. *Wit no more the Heart alarms.*] *Ovid* says the same.

This is the Golden Age, all worship Gold;
Honours are purchas'd, Love and Beauty sold;

Should

Noble Birth has loſt its Charms,
Wit no more the Heart alarms:
Virtue pleads in vain for Love,
Gold alone can Beauty move.
Curſt be He! ah, doubly curſt!
Who ador'd the Idol firſt.
Gold 'mongſt Brothers ſows Debate,
Gold begets Paternal Hate,

Lights

Should *Homer* come with his harmonious Train,
And not preſent, *Homer*'s turn'd out again.
Art of Love.

VER. 8. *Gold alone can Beauty move.*]

Non ego divitibus venio Præceptor amandi,
Nil opus eſt illi, qui dabit, arte mea. Ovid.

I no Inſtructions to the Rich impart,
He needs not, that preſents, my uſeleſs Art.

VER. 11. *Gold 'mongſt Brothers ſows Debate.*]

Ἡ φιλοχρημοσύνη μήτηρ κακότητος ἁπάσης.
Χρυσὸς ἀεὶ δόλος ἔστι καὶ ἀργυρος ἀνθρώποισι.
Χρυσὲ κακῶν ἀρχηγὲ, βιοφθόρε, πάντα χαλέπλων,
Εἴθε σε μὴ θνητοῖσι γενέσθαι πῆμα πεφαυνόν.
Σοῦ γὰρ ἕκητι μάχαι τε λεπλασίαι τε φόνοι τε,
Ἔχθεά θ' τέκνα γονεῦσιν, ἀδελφεοί τε σφαίμοις.

Phocylides.

The

Πόλεμοι, φόνοι δι' αὐτόν.

Τὸ δὲ χεῖρον, Ὀλλύμεσθα

Διὰ τοῦτον οἱ φιλοῦντες.

ΩΔΗ

The worst of Ills from sordid Av'rice flow;
And Gold is but the glitt'ring Bait of Woe.
Nefarious Gold! of Virtue's Bane replete,
Oh that thy fatal Poison were less sweet!
Of thee are born Wars, Murders, and Alarms,
Paternal Curses, and fraternal Arms.

We have a beautiful Imitation of this Ode by *Tasso*, in the First Scene of the Second Act of his *Amyntas*.

E veramente il secol d'oro è questo,
Perche sol vince l'oro, e regna l'oro,
O chiunque tu fosti, che insegnasti
Primo à vender l'Amor, sia maledetto
Il tuo cenen sepolto, e l'ossa fredde;
E non si trovi mai pastore, e ninfa,
Che lor dica passando, habbiate pace:
Ma le bagni la pioggia; e muoua il vento;
E con pie immondo la greggia il calpestri,
El peregrin. tu prima suergognasti
La nobilità d'Amor; tu le sue liete

Dolcezze

Lights the Torch of Civil Strife,
Kindles all the Hell of Life.
Happy! ceas'd its Miſchiefs here,
Gold makes wretched Love deſpair.

ODE

Dolcezze inamariſti; amor venale,
Amor ſervo del oro; è il piu forte
Che produca la terra & il mal fra l'onde.

Behold the Golden Age, ye Swains!
Gold only conquers, only reigns.
But whoſoe'er thou be'ſt, whoſe Art
Deluded firſt a Venal Heart,
May Curſes on thy Aſhes ſeize!
Nor may thy Bones e'er welcome Peace!
May no kind Swain in paſſing by,
Nor blooming Nymph, a Requiem cry!
But Winds thy Grave for ever tear,
And Storms for ever revel there!
Whilſt all the Sylvan Herds agree,
With Feet impure to tread on thee.
You firſt debauch'd Love's noble Fire,
And daſh'd the Cup of ſoft Deſire:
Nor Earth, nor Sea a Monſter hold,
So baſe as Love for ſordid Gold.

VER. 5 & 6.

Ω Δ Η ΜΖ'.

Ὠδάριον εἰς γέροντα.

Φιλῶ γέροντα τερπνὸν,
Φιλῶ νέον χορευτήν·
Γέρων δ' ὅταν χορεύῃ,
Τρίχας γέρων μὲν ἐστι,
Τὰς δὲ φρένας νεάζει.

Ω Δ Η

VER 5 & 6. *Altho' his Hair Time's Silver shows.*
His Heart with youthful Transport glows.]
Mr. *Longepierre* remarks, That *Plautus* seems to have translated these two Verses in his *Miles gloriosus*, Act 3. Sc. 1. *Si albus Capillus hic videtur, neutiquam ingenio est senex.*

Guarini has express'd the same Sentiment, tho' in a different manner:

O Corisca

ODE XLVII.

YOUNG OLD-AGE.

A GAY Old Man's a Sight of Joy,
A Youth gay-dancing charms my Eye:
But when with Mirth-enraptur'd Grace,
The Old Man ſwims th' harmonious Maze;
Altho' his Hair Time's Silver ſhows,
His Heart with youthful Tranſport glows.

ODE

O Coriſca mia cara,
D'anima Linco, e non di forze ſono
E'n queſto vecchio tronco
E più che foſſe mai verde il deſio.

Yes, my *Coriſca*, *Lincus* is the ſame,
Tho' not in youthful Force, in youthful Flame;
Tho' Age and Wrinkles on my Trunk appear,
My Heart is green, and Love ſtill bloſſoms there.

ΩΔΗ ΜΗ'.

Ἄλλο ᾠδάριον.

Δοτέ μοι λύρην Ὁμήρου,
Φονίης ἄνδυθε χορδῆς·
Φέρε μοι κύπελλα θεσμῶν,
Φέρε μοι νόμους κερεάσω,
Μεθύων ὅπως χορεύσω·
Ὑπὸ σώφρονος γὰρ λύσης,
Μετὰ βαρβίτων ἀείδων,
Τὸ παρθένιον βοήσω.

ΩΔΗ

VER. 2. *But first take off th' Heroic Wire.*] *Homer* represents *Achilles* singing Heroic Subjects to his Lyre.

Amus'd, at Eaſe, the Godlike Man they found,
Pleas'd with the ſolemn Harp's harmonious Sound.
(The well-wrought Harp from conquer'd *Thebæ* came,
Of poliſh'd Silver was its coſtly Frame;)
With this he ſooths his angry Soul, and ſings
Th' immortal Deeds of Heroes and of Kings.

Pope.

VER. 3 & 4.

ODE XLVIII.

ON HIMSELF.

COME, bring me *Homer*'s loud-tongu'd Lyre,
But firſt take off th' Heroic Wire.
And bring the deſtin'd Bowls, that I
May mix the Laws of Social Joy;
With Floods of Wine my Soul entrance,
And join the mirth-enraptur'd Dance.
Then to the Lyre I'll tune my Voice,
And echo Tranſport to the Skies.

ODE

VER. 3 & 4. *And bring the deſtin'd Bowls, that I May mix the Laws of Social Joy.*]
It was cuſtomary with the Ancients in their Revels, to chuſe a King, who both regulated the Size of the Cups, and the Quantity each Perſon was to drink, according to the Law preſcrib'd him in the Billet which fell to his Lot. Thus *Horace*,

Quem Venus arbitrum
Dicet bibendi? L. 2. Ode 7.

ΩΔΗ ΜΘ'.

Εἰς Ζωγεάφον.

Ἄγε, ζωγεάφων ἄριστε,
Λυρικῆς ἄκουε μούσης·
Γεάφε τὰς πόλεις τοπεῶτον
Ἱλαεάς τε καὶ γελώσας·
Φιλοπαίγμονάς τε Βάκχας
Ἑτεροπνόοις ἐν αὐλοῖς.
Ὁ δὲ κηρὸς ἂν δαμήῃ,
Γεάφε καὶ νόμους φιλήτων.

ΩΔΗ

Whom will the happy Dye design
The juſt Diſpoſer of the Wine,
And great Controller of the Feaſt? *Creech.*

VER. 3 & 4. *Firſt let Tow'ry Cities riſe,*
Crown'd with Peace, and ſmiling Joys,] *Homer* has given us the Picture of a City reaping the Joys of Peace.

Two Cities radiant on the Shield appear,
The Image one of Peace, and one of War;

Here

ODE XLIX.

ADVICE TO A PAINTER.

BEST of Painters, let your Art
What the Muſe deſcribes, impart:
Firſt let Tow'ry Cities riſe,
Crown'd with Peace and ſmiling Joys:
Next, let *Bacchus'* mirthful Choir
Their alternate Flutes inſpire:
And, if Art ſuch Pow'r contains,
Paint the Laws which Love ordains.

ODE

Here ſacred Pomp, and genial Feaſt delight,
And ſolemn Dance, and Hymenæal Rite;
Along the Street the new-made Brides are led,
With Torches flaming, to the Nuptial-Bed:
The youthful Dancers in a Circle bound
To the ſoft Flute, and Cittern's Silver Sound:
Thro' the fair Streets the Matrons in a Row,
Stand in the Porches, and enjoy the Show. *Pope.*

VER. 6. *Their alternate Flutes inſpire.*] Madam *D'Acier* and *Barnes* tranſlate ἑτεροπνόοις ἐν αὐλοῖς, by geminis

ΩΔΗ Ν'.

Εἰς Διόνυσον.

Ὁ Τὸν ἐν ὠδῖσι ἀτειρῆ
Νέον ἐν ὄθοις ἀταρβῆ,
Καλὸν ἐν πότοις χορδυτὴν
Τελέων, θεὸς κατῆλθεν,
Ἀπαλὸν βερτοῖσι φίλτερον,
Πότην ἄγονον, κομίζων·

Γόνον

geminis tibiis, Double-Flutes; but as it is not very eaſy to conceive how the Word ἑτεροπνόοις can bear that Interpretation, I have rather choſe *Baxter*'s Senſe, who renders it, *Alternatim flantes.*

VER. 1. *The Care-compelling Child of* Jove.]

Tu ſpem reducis mentibus anxiis,
Vireſque, & addis cornua pauperi,
Poſt te neque iratos trementi
Regum apices, neque militum arma.

Hor. L. 3. Od. 21.

Wine

ODE L.

ON BACCHUS.

THE Care-compelling Child of *Jove*,
The God who gives Succeſs in Love;
And ſweetly laughing all the while,
Makes Deſpair itſelf to ſmile;
The dear, the charming God deſcends,
And in each Hand a Bowl extends;
A Bowl where Care could never ſwim,
And Pleaſure triumphs round the Brim.

Then

Wine with freſh Hope the Coward chears;
Revives the Wretched and Undone;
And makes the Slave his Lord diſown:
What Wretch, when arm'd by *Bacchus*, fears
To meet a Warrior's Arm, or ſtand a Tyrant's Frown?
Creech.

VER. 7. *A Bowl, where Care could never ſwim.*] *Homer* introduces *Helen* mixing ſuch a Bowl.

Meantime with genial Joy to warm the Soul,
Bright *Helen* mix'd a Mirth-inſpiring Bowl:
Temper'd with Drugs of ſov'reign Uſe, t'aſſwage
The boiling Boſom of tumultuous Rage;

Γόνον ἀμπέλȣ τ̓ οἶνον
Πεπεδημένον γ' ὀπώραις
Ἐπὶ κλημάτων φυλάττων.
Ἵν' ὅταν τάμωσι βότρυν,
Ἄνοσοι μένωσι πάντες,
Ἄνοσοι δέμας θεητὸν,
Ἄνοσοι γλυκύν τε θυμὸν,
Ἐς ἔτȣς φανέντος ἄλλȣ.

Ω Δ Η

To clear the cloudy Front of wrinkled Care,
And dry the tearful Sluices of Deſpair:
Charm'd with the virtuous Draught, th' exalted Mind
All Senſe of Woe delivers to the Wind.
Tho' on the blazing Pile his Parent lay,
Or a lov'd Brother groan'd his Life away,

Or

Then pull away, and never mind,
A Tide of Joy is ſtill behind.
Thoſe Cluſters there, which ſtrive to hide
Beneath the Leaves their ſwelling Pride,
And bluſh ſo lovely thro' the Green,
As if too modeſt to be ſeen;
Shall ſoon a roſy Deluge roll,
And fill another roſy Bowl,
That we may revel ſtill in Bliſs,
And never know what Sorrow is.
Wine gives us Health, to Health we owe
The Tranſports which in Love we know;
The Calm of Mind which laughs at Fate,
With all that's brave, and all that's great.
Then pull away, and Thirſt diſdain,
Autumn will ſoon be here again.

ODE

Or darling Son oppreſs'd by Ruffian Force.
Fell breathleſs at his Feet a mangled Corſe;
From Morn to Eve, impaſſive and ſerene,
The Man entranc'd would view the deathful Scene.
Pope.

Ω Δ Η ΝΑ'.

Εἰς Δίσκον ἔχοντα Ἀφροδίτην.

Ἄρα τίς τόρευσε πόντον,
Ἄρα τίς μανεῖσα τέχνη
Ἀνέχευε κῦμα Δίσκῳ,
Ἐπὶ νῶτα τῆς θαλάσσης;
Ἄρα τίς ὑπὲρ θάλασσαν
Ἁπαλὴν χάραξε Κύπριν,
Νόος ἐς θεοὺς ἀερθεὶς,
Μακάρων φύσιος ἀρχήν.
Ὁ δέ νιν ἔδειξε γυμνήν;
Χ' ὅσα μὴ θέμις ὁρᾶσθαι,
Μόνα κῦμα συγκαλύπτει.
Ἀλαλημένη δ' ἐπ' αὐτὴ,
Βρύον ὡς ὕπερθε λευκὸν,
Ἁπαλόχροος γαλήνης,

Δέμας

VER. 3. *And o'er this Disk's refulgent Plain.*] The *Discus* was a Piece of Wood or Metal, round, and of a flattish Form: The Ancients us'd it in their Exercises, in the same manner as we our Coits. VER. 6.

ODE LI.

VENUS represented on a DISK.

WHAT daring, what aſpiring Soul,
Has taught the Ocean here to roll?
And o'er this Disk's refulgent Plain,
Has heap'd the Billows of the Main?
What Art with more than mortal Pride,
Has drawn fair *Venus* on the Tide?
Fair *Venus!* Queen of ev'ry Grace,
The Source of Heav'n's immortal Race.

See, naked to the raviſh'd Sight,
She blooms ineffable Delight!
Thoſe Charms 'twere impious to reveal,
Thoſe Charms alone the Waves conceal.
White as their am'rous Foam ſhe glides,
As ſhe the am'rous Waves divides.

In

VER. 6. *Has drawn fair* Venus *on the Tide.*] See the Notes on Ode 45.

VER. 24.

Δέμας εἰς πλόον φέρουσα
Ῥόθιον πάροιθεν ἔλκει.

Ῥοδέων ὕπερθε μαζῶν,
Ἀπαλῆς ἔνερθε δειρῆς,
Μέγα κῦμα πρῶτα τέμνει.
Μέσον αὔλακα ὁ Κύπρις,
Κείνον ὡς ἴοις ἐλιχθέν,
Διαφαίνει γαλήνης.

Ὑπὲρ ἀργύρῳ δ' ὀχῆνι,
Ἐπὶ δελφίσιν χορδαῖς,
Δολερὸν νέον μέτωπον,
Ἔρως, Ἵμερος, γελῶντες
Χορὸς ἰχθύων ὁ κυρτός,
Ἐπὶ κυμάτων κυβιστῶν,
Παφίης ἐς ὄμμα παίζει,
Ἵνα νήχει γελῶσα.

In wanton Curls they round her ſport,
And her ſoft Touch ſoft-murm'ring court.
Beneath the Azure's lucid Flow,
The Roſes of her Boſom glow.
Above the Azure's lucid Pride,
Her poliſh'd Neck ſhines o'er the Tide.
And as with lily Arms ſhe rows,
'Mongſt Violets, ſhe a Lily ſhows.
On ſportive Dolphins thro' the Main,
Gay Love and Mirth attend her Train.
Their Infant Looks a thouſand Wiles
Conceal beneath a thouſand Smiles.
On ev'ry Side the Fiſh advance,
And o'er the wanton Billows dance.
In Pomp, amidſt the ſportive Throng,
The Goddeſs ſmiling ſails along.

VER. 24. *Gay Love and Mirth attend her Train.*]

Quam Jocus circumvolat & Cupido.
Hor. L. 1. Od. 2.

Whom Love and ſmiling Mirth attend.

ODE

ΩΔΗ ΝΒ'.

Ἐπιλύϖος ὕμνος.

ΤΟΝ μελανόχεωτα βότρυν
Ταλάεσις φέρυσιν ἄνδρες,
Μετὰ παρθένων, ἐπ' ὤμων·
Κατὰ λῆνὸν δ' βαλόντες
Μόνον ἄρσενες πατοῦσι
Σταφυλὴν, λύοντες οἶνον,
Μέγα τ' θεὸν κρατοῦντες.
Ἐπιλωίοισιν ὕμνοις,
Ἑαυτὸν πίθοις δεδῶντες
Νέον ἐκζέοντα Βάκχον.
Ὃν

VER. 2. *Men and blooming Maids unite.*] *Homer*, in his beautiful Deſcription of the Vintage, introduces young Men and Maids employ'd in the ſame Office.

——Μία δ' οἵη ἀταρπιτὸς ἦεν ἐπ' αὐτῶ
Τῇ νίασσλο φορῆες, ὅτε τρυγόωεν ἀλωήν.
Παρθενικαὶ δ' ἠΐθεοι τ' ἀταλὰ φρονέοντες

Πλεκ-

ODE LII.

THE EFFECTS OF WINE.

IN heap'd Baskets of Delight,
Men and blooming Maids unite,
To the genial Preſs to bear
Cluſter'd *Bacchus*; but when there,
Men alone gay-lab'ring join,
Tread the Grapes, let looſe the Wine.
Whilſt each jocund Rural Voice,
Hymns the God of mirthful Joys.

Oh,

Πλεκτοῖς ἐν ταλάροισι φέρον μελιηδέα καρπόν.
Iliad. σ'.

To this, one Pathway gently winding leads,
Where march a Train with Baskets on their Heads,
(Fair Maids, and blooming Youths) that ſmiling bear
The purple Product of th'Autumnal Year. *Pope.*

VER. 22.

Ὃν ὅταν πίῃ γεραιὸς,
Τερμερῆς ποσὶν χορεύει,
Πολιὰς τρίχας τινάσσων·
Ὁ δ', παρθένον λοχήσας,
Ἐρατὸς νέος μεθυσθείς,
Ἁπαλὸν δέμας χυθεῖσαν,
Σκιερῶν ὕπερθε φύλλων,
Βεβαρημμένῳ ἐς ὕπνον,
Ἐς ἔρωτ' ἄωρα θέλγει
Παρθενίην γάμων γενέθλης.
Ὁ δ' μὴ λόγοισι πείθων,
Τότε μὴ θέλουσαν ἄγχει·
Μετὰ δὲ νέων ὁ Βάκχος
Μεθύων ἀτακτα παίζει.

ΩΔΗ

VER. 22. *Treaſon to chaſte* Hymen's *Rite.*] The Original is Παρθενίην γάμων γενέθλης, *to betray her Hymen*; that is, to anticipate her Marriage by admitting an untimely Pleaſure. Mr. *Longepierre* remarks an Expreſſion very like it in the *Alceſte* of *Euripides*: *Alceſte*, as ſhe lies dying, ſpeaks to her Daughter.

Σὺ

Oh, how their enraptur'd Sight,
Drinks the foaming new Delight!
Which, when old Men plenteous take,
Straight their time-white Heads they ſhake;
And with tott'ring Steps advance,
Mingling in the ſportive Dance:
Whilſt a Youth, thro' whoſe gay Veins
Bacchus drives with looſen'd Reins,
Seeing where ſome beauteous Maid,
Underneath a Damask Shade,
Lies ſuffus'd in Slumber's Arms,
Steals inſidious on her Charms,
With ſoft am'rous Guile t'excite,
Treaſon to chaſte *Hymen*'s Rite.

But when all Perſuaſion's vain,
Straight he wreſtles with Diſdain.
Bacchus in a youthful Breaſt,
Sometimes loves too rough a Jeſt.

ODE

Σὺ δ' ὦ τέκνον μυ, πῶς κορδύθήσῃ καλῶς;
Ποίας τυχοῦσα συζύγυ τῷ σῷ πατεί;
Μή σοί τιν' αἰσχρὸν πρόσθαλοῦσα κληδόνα
Ἥβης ἐν ἀκμῇ σὺς διαφθείρῃ γάμυς.

VER. 4.

ΩΔΗ ΝΓ.

Εἰς ῥόδον.

Στεφανηφόρει μετ' Ἠοῦς
Μέλπομαι ῥόδον θέρειον.
Συνέταιρε ἄεξε μολπήν.

Τόδε γὰρ θεῶν ἄημα,
Τόδε γὰρ βροτῶν τὸ χάρμα,
Χαίρουσίν τ' ἄγαλμ', ὃν ὥραις
Πολυανθέων ἐρώντων·
Ἀφροδισίου τ' ἄθυρμα.

Τόδε καὶ μέλημα μύθοις,
Χαρίεν φυτόν τε Μουσέων·
Γλυκὺ καὶ ποιηταῖς πρέπει
Ἐν ἀκανθίναις ἀταρποῖς·

Γλυ-

VER. 4. *With roſy Voice the Tranſport aid.*] Mr. *D'Acier* thinks this Ode was originally a Dialogue: The Conjecture is certainly very probable; but as there's no Neceſſity for admitting the Suppoſition, I have rather choſe to follow the receiv'd Opinion, eſpecially as the Piece

ODE. LIII.

ON THE ROSE.

WITH the gay, flow'r-wreath'd, fragrant Spring,
The Summer's Pride, the Roſe I'll ſing.
With roſy Voice tranſporting Maid!
With roſy Voice the Tranſport aid!
The Pride of Mortals is the Roſe,
The Breath of Gods its Leaves diſcloſe.
The Graces, when th' enamour'd Hours
From their gay Wings profuſe the Flow'rs,
With Roſes bind their ſilken Hair;
Its Beauties *Venus* joys to wear.
The Roſe the Poet's Song perfumes,
And in each Muſe's Boſom blooms.
How ſweet to ſeize the bluſhing Prey,
And ſnatch it from the Thorn away! Then

Piece would not receive any material Beauty from being diſtinguiſh'd in that manner.

VER. 16. For ὡσοφῷ in the Original of this Line, *Stephens* very judiciouſly corrects ὀρόφῳ. *Barnes*'s reading, ὡς σοφῷ, ſeems a Tautology.

VER. 21.

Γλυκὺ δ' αὖ λαβόντι θάλπειν
Μαλακαῖσι χερσὶ, κύφως
Προσάγοντ' Ἔρωτος ἄνθος.
Ὀρόφῳ τόδ' αὐτὸ τερπνὸν
Θαλίαις τε καὶ τραπέζαις,
Διονυσίαις θ' ἑορταῖς.
Τί δ' ἄνευ ῥόδου γένοιτ' ἄν;
Ῥοδοδάκτυλος μὲν Ἠὼς,
Ῥοδοπήχεες δὲ Νύμφαι,
Ῥοδόχρους δὲ Κἀφροδίτη
Παρὰ τῶν σοφῶν καλεῖται.
Τόδε καὶ νοσοῦσιν ἀρκεῖ·

Τόδε

VER. 21. *Gay-rosy-finger'd is the Morn.*] The Epithet is very familiar to *Homer*. *Virgil* has imitated it, as far as the Genius of the *Latin* Language would admit.

Roseis Aurora quadrigis.

VER. 25. *Before the Rose pale Sickness flies.*] That the Rose is us'd as an Ingredient in the Composition of several Medicines, is a Truth too commonly known to require any further Remark.

VER. 26. *The Rose can ev'n the Dead rejoice.*] The Ancients

Then o'er its ſilken Leaves to rove,
Enchanting Balm! the Breath of Love.
The Roſe is Pleaſure's fav'rite Gueſt,
At ev'ry Revel it's careſt:
In *Bacchus'* Orgies lovelieſt glows,
For where's Delight without the Roſe?
Gay-roſy-finger'd is the Morn,
Gay-roſy Arms the Nymphs adorn:
And roſy Charms are *Venus'* Praiſe,
As ſung in high immortal Lays.
Before the Roſe pale Sickneſs flies;
The Roſe can ev'n the Dead rejoice:

'Gainſt

Ancients us'd Roſes when they embalm'd their Dead: *Homer* makes *Venus* anoint the Body of *Hector* with Unguent of Roſes, to preſerve it from Corruption.

Celeſtial *Venus* hover'd o'er his Head,
And roſeate Unguents, heav'nly Fragrance! ſhed.
Pope.

They alſo crown'd the Tombs of their deceas'd Friends with Garlands of Roſes.

VER. 28.

Τόδε καὶ νεκροῖς ἀμύνει·
Τόδε καὶ χρόνον βιᾶται.
Χαρίεν ῥόδων δὲ γῆρας
Νεότητος ἔσχεν ὀδμήν.
Φέρε δὴ, φυλὴν λέγωμεν.
Χαροπῆς ὅτ' ἐκ θαλάττης
Δεδροσωμένην Κυθήρην
Ἐλόχευε Πόντος ἀφρῷ,
Πολεμόκλονόν τ' Ἀθήνην
Κορυφῆς ἐδείκνυε Ζεὺς,
Φοβερὰν θέαν Ὀλύμπῳ·
Τότε καὶ ῥόδων ἀγητῶν
Νέον ἔρνος ἤνθισε Χθὼν
Πολυδαίδαλον λόχευμα.
Μακάρων θεῶν δ' ὅμιλος,
Ῥόδον ὡς γένοιτο, Νέκταρ
Ἐπιτέγξας, ἀνέτειλεν
Ἀγέρωχον ἐξ ἀκάνθης
Φυτὸν ἄμβροτον Λυαίου.

Ω Δ

VER. 28. *To Time its Odours scorn to yield.*] S
any thing preserves its Fragrance when dry'd, longer
a Rose.

'Gainſt Time himſelf it keeps the Field,
To Time its Odours ſcorn to yield.

Let's now declare what gave to Birth
This Joy of Heav'n, and Pride of Earth.

When ſprinkled o'er with roſy Dew,
Fair *Cytherea* firſt to view
Diſclos'd her wave-begotten Charms, [illegible]
The Time when *Pallas* Queen of Arms,
Leap'd from the Thundrer's teeming Head,
Of Gods the Wonder and the Dread:
Then Earth with conſcious Joy ſuffus'd,
This Plant her happieſt Birth produc'd.

The Gods beheld, with raptur'd Sight,
The Stem productive of Delight;
Show'r'd roſy Nectar, heav'nly Dew!
From whence the nectar'd Roſe upgrew,
The Pride of the *Olympian* Bow'rs,
Delight of *Bacchus!* Queen of Flow'rs!

ODE

——— Καὶ ῥόδον αὖον ὀλεῖται.
Theocrit. Idyll. 27. Ver. 9.

VER. 2.

Ω Δ Η ΝΔ΄.

Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Ὅτ᾽ ἐγὼ νέων ὅμιλον
Ἐσορῶ, πάρεστιν ἥβη·
Τότε δὴ, τότ᾽ ἐς χορείην
Ὁ γέρων ἐγὼ πτερῦμαι.

Περίμεινόν με, Κυβήβα,
Ῥόδα δὸς, θέλω στέφεσθαι·
Πολιὸν δὲ γῆρας ἑκὰς,
Νέος ἐν νέοις χορεύσω.

Διονυσίης δὲ μοί τις
Φερέτω δῶρον ὀπώρης,
Ἵν᾽ ἴδῃ γέροντος ἀλκὴν,
Δεδαηκότος μὲν εἰπεῖν,
Δεδαηκότος δὲ πίνειν,
Χαριέντως τὲ μανῆναι.

Ω Δ Η

ODE LIV.

ON HIMSELF.

SPORTING with the Young and Gay,
Young I am, methinks, as they.
Swift the mirthful Dance I join,
Pleaſure's youthful Wings are mine.

Give me Roſes! I'll prepare
Roſy Garlands for my Hair.
Age diſmiſs, and dance among
Thoſe that young are, and be young.

Fill the Bowl then — fill it high,
Whoſo dares my Vigour try!
I can handle *Bacchus'* Arms,
And my Tongue has youthful Charms.
Drinking, talking, I can be
Mad as any youthful He.

Ω Δ Η ΝΕ'.

Εἰς τοὺς ἐρῶντας ᾠδάριον.

Ἐν ἰσχίοις μὲν ἵπποι
Πυρὸς χάραγμ' ἔχουσι·
Καὶ Παρθίους τὶς ἄνδρας
Ἐγνώρισεν τιάραις·

Ἐγὼ

VER. 2. *Is branded for his Owner's Eye.*] Madam *D'Acier* obſerves, that the Cuſtom of branding Horſes is very ancient: The *Greeks* had two Letters appropriated to that Uſe, *Coppa*, and *San*; the firſt was like our Q, and the Horſes diſtinguiſh'd by it were call'd *Coppatiæ*; but thoſe mark'd with *San* or *Sigma*, which was like our C, were call'd *Samphoræ*. They were alſo branded with Impreſſes of different Kinds. *Pliny*, L. 8. C. 42. ſpeaking of one, ſays, *Bucephalon* ——— *vocârunt, ſive ab aſpectu torvo, ſive ab inſigni taurini capitis, armo impreſſi.*

VER. 4. *Tiaras ſhow the* Parthian *Race.*] Mr. *Le Fevre* was miſtaken, when he affirm'd that the *Parthians* were unknown by that Name in *Anacreon*'s Time; for *Anacreon* had not attain'd above his Middle-Age when *Darius Hyſtaſpis* flouriſh'd; and *Herodotus* enumerating the different Nations which paid Tribute to that Monarch,

ODE LV.

ON LOVERS.

THE gen'rous Steed upon his Thigh,
Is branded for his Owner's Eye:
And thro' the World, in ev'ry Place,
Tiaras shew the *Parthian* Race.

But

narch, expresly mentions them, Πάρθοι δὲ καὶ Χοράσμιοι, Σόγδοι τὲ καὶ Ἄρειοι τρηκόσια τάλαντα. The *Parthians* and the *Chorasmians*, the *Sogdians* and *Arians*, three hundred Talents.

Madam *D'Acier* seems also in an Error, when she tells us that the *Parthians* were so call'd by *Cyrus*; for *Justin* assures us, that they were originally *Scythians*, who, flying out of their own Country, were call'd *Parthians*, which in the *Scythian* Tongue signifies *Exiles*, or *Fugitives*. The same is confirm'd by *Eustathius* in his Notes on *Dionysius*, where we find the following elegant Description of the Situation and Manners of those People.

Ἀλλ' ἤτοι πυλέων μὲν ὑπαὶ πόδα Κασπιάων
Πάρθοι ναιετάουσιν ἀρήϊοι, ἀγκυλότοξοι,
Παντοίου πολέμοιο δαήμονες. οὐ γὰρ ἀρότρῳ
Αὔλακ' ἐπιθυνίουσι διασχίζοντες ἀρούρας,

Ἐγὼ δὲ τοὺς ἐρῶντας
Ἰδὼν ἐπίσταμ' εὐθύς·
Ἔχουσι γάρ τι λεπτὸν
Ψυχῆς ἔσω χάραγμα.

ΩΔΗ

Οὐδὲ μὲν ἐν νήεσσιν ἅλα τμήγουσιν ἐρετμοῖς,
Οὐδὲ νομῷ φέρβουσι βοῶν γένος· ἐκ δὲ γενέθλης
Νηπίαχον τόξοισι καὶ ἱπποσύνῃσι μέλονται.
Αἰεὶ δ' ἠχήεσσαν ἀνὰ χθόνα δοῦπος ἀκόντων,
Ἢ βελέων· πάντη δέ τ' ἀελλοπόδων δρόμος ἵππων
Θυνόντων· οὐ γάρ σφι θέμις δόρποιο πάσασθαι,
Πρὶν πολέμου μόχθοισι κάρην ἱδρῶτι παλῦναι.

Beyond the *Caspian* Streights those Realms extend,
Where circling Bows the martial *Parthians* bend.
Vers'd only in the rougher Joys of War,
No Fields they wound, nor urge the shining Share:

No

But Lovers moſt themſelves reveal,
When fondly they themſelves conceal.
I know not how! —— each Look imparts
Love's fiery Brand upon their Hearts.

ODE

No Ships they boaſt to ſtem the rolling Tide,
Nor lowing Herds o'er flow'ry Meadows guide:
But Infants wing the feather'd Shaft for Flight,
And rein the fiery Steed with fond Delight.
On ev'ry Plain the whiſtling Spear alarms,
The neighing Courſer, and the Clang of Arms.
For there no Food the little Heroes taſte,
Till warlike Sweat has earn'd the ſhort Repaſt.

The *Tiara* was like the modern *Turban*, and was wore, as *Lucian* tells us, by the *Perſian* Ladies. That it was us'd by the *Phrygians*, ſeems to appear from *Virgil*'s making *Æneas* ſend one to *Latinus*.

Sacerque Tiaras. Æn. 7. Ver. 247.

* We

ΩΔΗ Νϛ'.

Εἰς τὸ γῆρας.

Πολιοὶ μὲν ἤμιν ἤδη
Κόταφοι, κάρη δ' ὑπόλευκον·
Χαρίεσσα δ' οὐκ ἔθ' ἥβη
Πάρα, γηραλέοι δ' ὀδόντες.
Γλυκερῆς δ' οὐκ ἔτι πολλὸς
Βιότου χρόνος λέλειπται.

Διὰ

* We are indebted for this Ode to *Henry Stephens*: It is alſo extant in *Stobæus*, who acknowledges it for *Anacreon*'s.

VER. 1. & 2. *See Time has o'er my Temples ſpread*
His hoary Froſt.]

——— Ἀπὸ κροτάφων πελόμεσθα
Παῖδες γηραλέοι· καὶ ἐπισχερὼ ἐς γένυν ἕρπει
Λευκαίνων ὁ χρόνος. ———

Theocrit. Idyll. 14.

Firſt from our Temples Age begins her Race,
Thence whit'ning Time creeps ſoftly o'er the Face.
Creech.

VER. 4.

*ODE LVI.

ON HIS BEING GROWN OLD.

SEE, Time has o'er my Temples ſpread
His hoary Froſt, and ſnow'd my Head.
My Gums untenanted are grown,
And Youth and Joy are long ſince flown.
The Goal of Death is juſt before,
And Life's ſhort Race will ſoon be o'er.

It's

VER. 4. *And Youth and Joy are long ſince flown.*]

——— *Fugit retro*
Levis Juventas, & decor, aridâ
Pellente laſcivos amores
Canitie, facilèmque ſomnum. Hor. L. 2. Ode 11.

But ſee, our Years do ſwiftly move,
Our nimble Youth and Beauty fades;
Dry Age with Cares will croud our Heads,
And leave no Room for eaſy Reſt and Love.

Creech.

Διὰ ταῦτ' ἀναςαλύζω
Θαμὰ, Τάρταρον δεδοικώς·
Ἀΐδεω γάρ ἐςι δεινὸς
Μυχός, ἀργαλέη δ' ἐς αὐτὸν
Κάθοδος, καὶ γὰρ ἕτοιμον
Καταβάντι μὴ 'ναβῆναι.

Ω Δ Η ΝΖ'.

Ὅτι πίνειν δεῖ μετρίως.

Ἄγε δὴ, φέρ' ἧμιν, ὦ παῖ,
Κελέβην, ὅπως ἄμυςιν
Προπίω· τὰ μὲν δέκ' ἔγχει
Ὕδατος, τὰ πέντε δ' οἴνου
Κυάθους· ὑβριςιῶσαν
Φρένα δεῦε Βασσάρῃσιν.

Ἄγε

VER. 12. *That none can reascend the Steep.*]
——— *Facilis descensus Averni;*
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est. ———
Virg. Æneid. 6.

VER. 5 & 6.

It's this that heaves my Breaſt with Sighs,
And bids unnumber'd Terrors riſe.
For dreadful is that gloomy Cell,
Where penſive Ghoſts with *Pluto* dwell,
And then the dark Deſcent's ſo deep,
That none can re-aſcend the Steep.

ODE LVII.

That we ſhould Drink with Moderation.

COME, fill it Bumper-high, my Boy,
I will for once my Draught enjoy.
But *Bacchus* ſo reſiſtleſs is,
That, leſt I faint beneath the Bliſs,
Twice let the limpid Stream aſſwage
The mighty God's too potent Rage.

Make

VER. 5 & 6. *Twice let the limpid Stream aſſwage*
The mighty God's too potent Rage.]
The Ancients uſually drank their Wine mix'd with Water. Madam *D'Acier* obſerves, that *Heſiod* preſcribes three Meaſures of Water to one of Wine in Summer.

Τεὶς ὕδατ' ἐπιχέειν, τὸ δ' τέτρατον ἔμμεν οἶνον.

Ἄγε δῶτε· μηκέθ' ὕτω,
Πατάγῳ τε καλαλητῷ,
Σκυθικὼ πόσιν παρ' οἶνῳ
Μελετῶμεν· ἀλλὰ καλοῖς
Ὑποπινόμεθ' ἐν ὕμνοις.

ΩΔΗ ΝΗ'.

Εἰς Ἔρωτα.

Στέφω πλέκων πόθ' εὕρον
Ἐν τοῖς ῥόδοις Ἔρωτα,

Καὶ

VER. 10. *I hope we have no* Scythians *here.*] *Herodotus* tells us, that the *Greeks* deriv'd the Intemperance of drinking their Wine pure from the *Scythians*. Ἐπὰν ζωρότερον βάλωνται οἱ Σπαρτιάται πιεῖν, ἐπισκύθισον λέγουσιν, ὡς ἀπὸ τῶν Σκυθέων, οἵ, φασίν, εἰς Σπάρτην ἀφικόμενοι πρέσβεις, ἐδίδαξαν τὸν Κλεομένεα ἀκρατοποτεῖν. When the *Spartans* have an Inclination to drink their Wine pure, and not diluted, they propose to drink after the manner of the *Scythians*, ſome of whom coming Embaſſadors to *Sparta*, taught *Cleomenes* to drink his Wine unmix'd. VER. 11.

Make haſte — But pray, my Friends, give o'er
This War of Tongue, or talk no more.
Why all this Torture of the Ear?
I hope we have no *Scythians* here.
Let Diſcord with Barbarians ſtay!
With Wiſdom let us ſtill be gay;
Drain Moderation from the Bowl,
And drink with Elegance of Soul.

ODE LVIII.

*ON CUPID.

AS a roſy Wreath I bound,
'Mongſt the Roſes Love I found.

Swift

VER. 11. *Let Diſcord with Barbarians ſtay.*]
Natis in uſum Lætitiæ Scyphis
Pugnare, Thracum eſt: tollite barbarum
Morem, ——— Hor. L. 1. Od. 27.
Amidſt our Cups for Mirth deſign'd,
To Fight and Quarrel ſuits
Rough *Thracian* Brutes;
But not the ſober Temper of a Friend. *Creech.*

* The *Anthologia* attributes this Ode to one *Julian* an

Καὶ πῶς πτερῶν καταχὴν
Ἐβάπτισ' ἐς τὸ οἶνον·
Λαβὼν δ' ἔπινον αὐτόν.
Καὶ νυῦ ἔσω μελῶν μὲ
Πτεροῖσι γαργαλίζει.

ΩΔΗ ΝΘ'.

Πρὸς αὐθάδη παρθένον.

Πῶλε Θρηκίη, τί δή με,
Λοξὸν ὄμμασι βλέπουσα,
Νηλεῶς φεύγεις, δοκέεις δ'
Μ' ὐδὲν εἰδέναι σοφόν γε;
Ἴσθι τοι, καλῶς μὲν ἄν τοι
Τὸν χαλινὸν ἐμβάλοιμι,

Ἡνίας

an *Egyptian*; and indeed, except the Beauty of it, we have no Reaſon to imagine it wrote by *Anacreon*; but as it has long ſince obtain'd a Place in moſt of the Editions of our Poet, I could not refuſe it that Rank in a Tranſlation, which it deſervedly holds in the Original.

* This

Swift I ſeiz'd his Pinions faſt,
And in Wine the Wanton caſt;
Taking then the laughing Cup,
Swift I drank the Wanton up.
Now with ever-tickling Wings,
Up and down my Breaſt he ſprings.

* ODE LIX.

TO A SCORNFUL BEAUTY.

WHY with Scorn-reverting Eye,
Pretty *Thracian Filley*, Why
Me as skill-leſs and unwiſe,
Fly you, Cruel! and deſpiſe?
Scorner! could I once attain
O'er thy Neck to throw the Rein;

Swift

* This Ode was preſerv'd us by *Heraclides Ponticus*. Madam *D'Acier* thinks it writ on a young favourite Mare of *Polycrates*'; but as Mr. *Longepierre* remarks, the λοξὸν βλέπουσα, and the Scorn which the Poet complains of, ſeem not at all to favour that Sentiment.

VER. 9 & 10.

Ἡνίας δ' ἔχων στρέφοιμι
Ἀμφὶ τέρματα δρόμοιο.
Νῦν δὲ λειμῶνάς τε βόσκεαι,
Κοῦφά τε σκιρτῶσα παίζεις·
Δεξιὸν γὰρ ἱπποπείρην
Οὐκ ἔχεις ἐπεμβατεύειν.

Ω Δ Η Ξ.

Ἐπιθαλάμιος ὕμνος.

Θεάων ἄνασσα, Κύπρι,
Ἵμερε, κράτος χθονίων,
Γάμε, βιότοιο φύλαξ,
Ὑμέας λόγοις λιγαίνω,

Ὑμέας

VER. 9 & 10. *O'er the Daisy-painted Mead,*
Lightly bounding, now you feed.]

Quæ, velut latis equa trima campis,
Ludit exultim, metuitque tangi,
Nuptiarum expers, & adhuc protervo
Cruda marito. Hor. L. 3. Od. 11.

She, like a Colt, frisks o'er the Plain,
A Rider hates, nor takes the Rein;
Unable yet to bear the Force
And Strength of the obliging Horse. *Creech.*

We

Swift with raptur'd Speed would I
Urge thee round the Goal of Joy.
O'er the Daiſy-painted Mead,
Lightly bounding, now you feed;
'Time ſome happy Lord aſcend,
Skill'd thy ſtubborn Pride to bend.

* ODE LX.

An EPITHALAMIUM *on the Marriage of* STRATOCLES *and* MYRILLA.

HEAV'N-enchanting Child of *Jove!*
Golden *Venus*, Queen of Love!
Cupid, God of bliſsful Striſe!
Hymen, Guard and Pride of Life!

You

* We are oblig'd for this *Epithalamium* to *Theodorus Prodromus*, the Romancer, who wrote the Amours of *Doſicles* and *Rhodanthe*. *Henry Stephens* receiv'd it in his Edition; but becauſe it contains almoſt as many kinds of Verſe as Lines, *Barnes* thinks it ſpurious. It muſt be own'd, it rather ſeems an Imitation of *Anacreon*, than compos'd by him.

VER. 4. Hymen, *Guard and Pride of Life.*] *Dionyſius Halicarnaſſenſis* calls Marriage, Σωτήριον τῦ γένους.

VER. 9

Ὑμέας ςίχοις κυδαίνω,
Ἵμερον, Γάμον, Παφίην.

Δέρκεο τὴν νεῆνιν, δέρκεο, κοῦρε·
Ἔγρεο, μή σε φύγῃ Πέρδικος ἄγρα.

Στρατόκλεις, φίλος Κυθήρης,
Στρατόκλεις, ἄνερ Μυρίλλης,
Ἴδε τὴν φίλην γυναῖκα·
Κομάει, τέθηλε, λάμπει.

Ῥόδον ἀνθέων ἀνάσσει·
Ῥόδον ἐν κόραις Μύριλλα.

Ἠέλιος τὰ σέθεν δέμνια φαίνοι·
Κυπάριττος δὲ πεφύκοι σεῦ ἐνὶ κήπῳ.

ΟΔΗ

VER. 9 & 10. *Ere the tim'rous Wanton fly*
Wing'd with Shame from Thee and Joy.]
The *Greek* is μή σε φύγῃ πέρδικος ἄγρα. *Lest the Partridge should escape you*; which Expression alludes to the Coyness of a young Bride, Partridges being, as *Artemidorus* calls them, δυςιθάσσευτοι καὶ ποικίλοι.

VER. 20.

You I ſing — propitious prove,
Cupid, *Hymen*, Queen of Love!
Turn, O Youth, thy raviſh'd Sight!
Riſe, and ſeize the ſoft Delight,
Ere the tim'rous Wanton fly,
Wing'd with Shame, from Thee and Joy.
Happy Youth, by *Venus* bleſt!
Happier on *Myrilla*'s Breaſt!
See with tranſport-kindled Charms,
Beauty blooming in thy Arms!
As the Roſe in Vernal Bow'rs,
Reigns th' unrivall'd Queen of Flow'rs;
Peerleſs thy *Myrilla* ſhows,
'Mongſt fair Maids, the fairer Roſe.
Phœbus beams a genial Smile,
May the Harveſt crown thy Toil.

ODE

VER. 20. *May the Harveſt crown thy Toil!*] The Original is Κυπάριττος πεφύκοι σεῦ ἐνὶ κήπῳ *May a Cypreſs grow in thy Garden!* that is, may a Child as beautiful and as long-liv'd as a Cypreſs, be the Product of thy Happineſs. It was, as Madam *D'Acier* obſerves, a Proverbial way of Speaking.

The

ΩΔΗ ΞΑ'.

Εἰς χρυσόν.

Ὁ δεσπότης ὁ Χρυσὸς
Ὅταν φύγῃ με κραπνοῖς,
Διλυέμοις τε, ταρσοῖς,
Ἀεὶ δ', ἀεί με φεύγει·
Οὔ μιν δίωμι· τίς γὰρ
Μισῶν θέλει τι θηρᾶν;
Ἐγὼ δ' ἅφαρ λιαθεὶς
Τῶ δεσπότεω Χρυσῶ,
Ἐμῶν φρενῶν μυῶ αὔρας
Φέρειν ἔδωκα λύπας·
Λύρῃσι δ' ἐλαὶν ἀείδω
Ἐρωτικὰς ἀοιδάς.
Πάλιν δ' ὅταν με θυμὸς
Ὑπερφρονεῖν διδάξῃ,
Πεισθεὶς ὁ δεσπότης με,
Φέρων

* The *Vatican* Manuscript acknowledges this Ode for *Anacreon's*.

VER. 28.

ODE LXI.

ON GOLD.

WHEN Gold, whoſe Speed outſtrips the Wind,
Leaves me and ſoft-wing'd Peace behind;
His Flight I view with careleſs Eyes,
The faithleſs Vagrant I deſpiſe:
For who'd purſue with painful Chaſe,
T'o'ertake a treach'rous Foe's Embrace?
When Gold's a ſtranger, Joy's my Gueſt,
New Tranſports kindle in my Breaſt;
My Cares I to the Winds reſign,
And all *Elyſium* then is mine.
To Love I tune the melting Lyre,
Soft-warbling Notes of ſoft Deſire.
But envying ſoon my wiſe Diſdain,
The Fugitive returns again;
With his Enchantments to decoy
My careleſs Heart, quite drunk with Joy,

To

Φέρων Μέθυ ἄφρονι,
Ἑλών μιν ὡς μεθήμων
Λύρης γένοιμι δηρόν.
Ἄπις, ἄπιτε Χρυσέ,
Ἐς τ' ἂν δόλοις μὲ θέλγῃς;
Πλέον τὰ νεῦρα χρυσῦ,
Πόθος πλέον τ' ἀείδειν.
Σὺ γὰρ δόλῳ φθόνῳ τε
Ἔρωτ' ἔθης ἄφαντον,
Λύρῃ τε χρυσόπαστον
Φιλημάτων θ' κεδνῶν,
Πόθων, κύπελλα κίρνης·
Ὅταν θέλῃς θ', φεύγεις·
Ξείνοισι δ' ἄγχι Μυσῶν
Δολίοις, ἄπις, ἀρέσκεις·
Ἐμοὶ θ' τῷ λυρῳδῷ
Μέσας ποιεῖς ἀποίκους.
Λύρης δ' ἐμῆς ἀοιδῷ
Οὐκ ἂν λίποιμι τυτθόν.

Ἀχαν-

VER. 28. *To faithleſs* Phrygians *ſtraight you fly.*] The *Greek* is, Ξείνοισι δ' ἄγχι Μυσῶν, *To the Strangers who border on the* Myſians: By whom Commentators underſtand the *Phrygians*. The Poet calls them *faithleſs*, from their King *Laomedon*'s deceiving *Apollo* and *Neptune*

To entertain his glitt'ring Pride,
And lay the warbling Lyre aſide.
O Gold, replete with ev'ry Wile!
When wilt thou ceaſe thy flatt'ring Guile?
Leſs Tranſport gives the Wealth of Kings,
Leſs Tranſport than theſe warbling Strings.
Curſt Traitor! 'twas thy envious Art
Which robb'd the Triumph of my Heart:
'Twas you unſtrung my golden Lyre,
You daſh the Cup of ſoft Deſire.
And, Traitor! when we wiſh thee nigh,
To faithleſs *Phrygians* ſtraight you fly.
Well-pleas'd with Perjury to reign,
The Fav'rite of a perjur'd Train.
Me from the Muſe thou would'ſt divide,
But all in vain thy glitt'ring Pride!
Thy Arts can never make me prove
A Fugitive to Her and Love.

Fly,

Neptune of the Reward he had promis'd them for building the Walls of *Troy*; and from his defrauding *Hercules* of his Recompence, who had deliver'd his Daughter *Heſione* from being devour'd by a Sea-Monſter.

This

Ἀχανδέας δ' ὀρίνοις,
Αἴγλην τὲ λαμπυρίζοις.

Ω Δ Η ΞΒ'.

Εἰς τὸ Ἔαρ.

ΤΙ' κάλλιόν ἐστι βαδίζειν,
Ὅπου λειμῶνες κομῶσιν,
Ὅπου λεπτὴν ἡδυτάτην
Ἀναπνεῖ Ζέφυρος αὔρην;
Κλῆμα τὸ Βάκχειον ἰδεῖν,
Χ' ὑπὸ τὰ πέταλα δῦναι,

Ἀπα-

* This little Ode has also the Authority of the *Vatican* Manuscript to claim *Anacreon* for its Author.

VER. 3. *Where awak'd by* Zephyr's *Sighs.*] *Zephyrus* or the West Wind, according to *Hesiod*, was the Son of *Astræus* and *Aurora*.

Ἀστραίῳ δ' Ἠὼς Ἀνέμους τέκε καρτεροθύμους,
Ἀργέστην, Ζέφυρον, Βορέην τ' αἰψηροκέλευθον,
Καὶ Νότον, ἐν φιλότητι θεῷ θεὰ ὀνηθεῖσα.

Virgil

Fly, ſhining Miſchief! fly elſewhere!
Thou canſt not dazle Virtue here.

* ODE LXII.

ON THE SPRING.

OH how charming 'tis to tread
O'er ſome Flower-enamell'd Mead!
Where, awak'd by *Zephyr*'s Sighs,
Blooms on od'rous Blooms ariſe.
Charming then is *Bacchus*' Shade!
When beneath its Verdures laid,

With

* *Virgil* makes them ſacrifice a white Beaſt to the Wind *Zephyrus*,

Pecudem Zephyris felicibus album.

VER. 4. *Blooms on od'rous Blooms ariſe.*]

Zephyrus vernas evocat herbas. Sen. Hippolyt.

VER. 5. *Charming then is* Bacchus' *Shade.*] Madam *D'Acier* remarks, that the Vine-Trees in *Greece* were very high, and form'd ſo commodious a Shade, as to make the Walks beneath them eſteem'd the moſt agreeable of any.

* We

Ἁπαλὴν παῖδα κατέχειν,
Κύπριν ὅλην πνέουσαν;

Ω Δ Η ΞΓ'.

Ὦ ναξ, πανδαμάτωρ Ἔρως,
Ὦ Νύμφαι κυανώπιδες,
Πορφυρέη τ' Ἀφροδίτη,
Χρυσῶ δὴ ἐϊκασμένη,
Συμπαίζουσιν· ἐστιστρέφεαι
Δ' ὑψηλῶν κορυφὰς ὀρέων·
Γουνοῦμαί σε· σὺ δ' εὐμενὴς
Ἔλθ' ἡμῖν· κεχαρισμένης δ'
Εὐχωλῆς ἐπάκουσον.
Κλεύβούλῳ δ' ἀγαθὸς γένου
Σύμβουλος· τὰ ἐμὸν δ' ἔρον
Οἶδ', εὖ νῦν σε δέχεσθαι.

With ſome Nymph, like *Venus* fair,
I can find *Elyſium* there.

* ODE LXIII.

HYMN TO CUPID.

CHARMING Love! thy pow'rful Sway
Gods and Men with Pride obey.
Nymphs more fair than new-fall'n Snow,
Nymphs whoſe Cheeks like Roſes glow,
Nymphs with Eyes celeſtial blue,
Ev'ry Nymph is fond of you.
Venus claſps thee in her Arms,
Venus doats upon thy Charms.
But with Mountain-Nymphs to play,
Why on Mountains this Delay?
With thy Preſence bleſs the Plain,
Nor our humble Vows diſdain.
Be *Cleobulus* thy Care,
Teach him not to give Deſpair!

ODE

* We are indebted for the Preſervation of this Fragment to *Dion Chryſoſtom*.

Ω Δ Η ΞΔ'.

Εἰς Ἔρωτα.

ΦΕ'ρ' αἶρέ με πορφυρέῃ
Ἐνιβάλλων, χρυσοκόμης
Ἔρως, ἐν νεφέλῃ,
Ποικίλῃσι λαμβάνων πτερύγεσσι.
Συμπαίζειν προκαλεῖται.
Ἡδ', ἐστιν γὰρ ἀπ' εὐκτίτου

Λέσβου,

* This Fragment, which is cited by *Athenæus*, *Barnes* conjectures to have been writ on the Poetess *Sappho*; and to confirm his Opinion, produces the Testimonies of *Chamæleon* and *Hermesianax*, the *Colophonian*, the last of which in his third *Elegy* says,

Καὶ

* ODE LXIV.

ON CUPID.

LITTLE God, with golden Hair,
Son of *Venus*, ever-fair!
Thy various-colour'd Wings unfold,
Bedropt with Pearl, and plum'd with Gold,
And gently waft me on my Way,
Wrapt in Clouds with Purple gay.
'Twas you firſt robb'd my Heart of Joy,
Have Pity then, celeſtial Boy!
And as we wanton thro' the Air,
Teach me how to fly Deſpair!

The

Καὶ γὰρ ἡ μελιχρὸς ἐφ' ἁμίλλης Ἀναχρείων
Στελλομένῳ πολλαῖς ἄμμιγα Λεσβιάσιν.
Φοίτα δ' ἄλλοτε μὲν περὶ πώλων Σάμον, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτ' ἐπὶ
Οἰνηρὸν δόρατον κεκλιμένῳ πατείδα,
Λέσβον ἐς εὔοινον. ———

VER. 6. *Wrapt in Clouds with Purple gay.*] *Homer* makes *Minerva* wrap herſelf in a purple Cloud.

Λέσβου, τὴν μὲν ἐμὴν κόμην,

Λευκὴ γὰρ, καταμέμφεται·

Πρὸς δ' ἄλλον τινὰ χάσκει.

VER. 11. *The Pride of* Lesbos *gave the Wound.*] The following Lines are suppos'd to be Part of the Answer which *Sappho* return'd to our Poet's Gallantry.

Κεῖνον, ὦ χρυσόθρονε Μοῦσ' ἔνισπες
Ὕμνον, ἐκ τῆς καλλιγυνάικος ἐσθλᾶς
Τήϊος χώρας ὃν ἄειδε τερπνῶς
Πρέσβυς ἀγαυός.

The

ἈΝΑ-

The Pride of *Lesbos* gave the Wound,
Lesbos, for Female Charms renown'd.
But why ſhould She, inhuman Maid!
Deride the Snow upon my Head?
The very Lilies on her Cheeks,
Bluſh for Anger as ſhe ſpeaks.

The Song the *Teian* ſung to me,
Enchanting Muſe! was thine alone;
Each heav'nly Verſe he ſtole from thee,
Soft-warbled from thy golden Throne.

Ἀ Ν Α Κ Ρ Ε΄ Ο Ν Τ Ο Σ

Ἐ Π Ι Γ Ρ Α΄ Μ Μ Α Τ Α.

Ε Π Ι Γ Ρ. Α΄.

Εἰς Τιμόκριτον.

ΚΑΡΤΕΡΟ΄Σ ἐν πολέμοις Τιμόκριτος,
οὗ τόδε σᾶμα·
Ἄρης οὐκ ἀγαθῶν φείδεται, ἀλλὰ κακῶν.

Ε Π Ι Γ Ρ. Β΄.

Εἰς Ἀγάθωνα.

Ἀβδήρων προθανόντα τὸν αἰνοβίτην Ἀγάθωνα
Πᾶσ' ἐπὶ πυρκαϊῆς ἥδ' ἐβοήσε πόλις·

Οὐ-

* Agreeable to the Turn of this Epigram is an Expression of *Sophocles, Philoct.* Ver. 436. Πόλεμος οὐδέν' ἄνδρ' ἑκὼν αἴρει πονηρὸν, ἀλλὰ χρηστοὺς ἀεί.

War

THE

EPIGRAMS of *Anacreon*.

EPIGR. I.

ON TIMOCRITUS.

THIS Tomb the brave *Timocritus* contains;
Mars' Envy only ſpares
The * trembling Coward whom his Sword diſdains,
Not him who nobly dares.

EPIGR. II.

ON AGATHON.

AROUND the Pyre of youthful *Agathon*,
All † *Abdera* breath'd one univerſal Groan;

For

* *War deſtroys not Cowards willingly, but the valiant.*

† *All* Abdera *breath'd one univerſal Groan.*] *Abdera* was a City of *Thrace*, and founded, as *Herodotus* tells us,

Οὔτινα γὰρ τοιόνδε νέων ὁ φιλαίματος Ἄρης
Ἠνάρισε τυγερῆς ἐν τροφάλιγι μάχης.

ΕΠΙΓΡ. Γ'.

Εἰς Κλειωρίδην.

Καὶ σὲ, Κλειωρίδη, πόθος ὤλεσε πατρίδος αἴης,
Θαρσήσαντα Νότῳ λαίλαπι χειμερίῃ.
Ὥρη γάρ σ' ἐπέδησεν ἀνέγυος. ὑγρὰ δὲ τιὼ σιὼ
Κύματ' ἐφ' ἱμερτιὼ ἔκλυσεν ἡλικίῃ.

ΕΠΙΓΡ.

us, by *Timesius* of *Clazomene*. The *Teians*, after their Expulsion from *Ionia* by *Harpagus* the General of *Cyrus*, settled themselves there, and honour'd *Timesius* as a Heroe.

* This *Cleënorides*, as *Barnes* observes, seems to have been cast away in attempting a Voyage from *Abdera* to his Native Country *Teos*, in the Winter.

† That

For never *Mars* amidſt the Rage of War,
In Blood more noble dy'd his thirſty Spear.

EPIGR. III.

ON THE SON OF CLEANOR.

THEE, * *Cleënorides!* thy Country's Love
To raſh Contempt of angry *Notus* drove:
† That treach'rous Seaſon none ſhould e'er confide,
O'erwhelm'd thy Youth in the unpitying Tide.

EPIGR.

† *That treach'rous Seaſon none ſhould e'er confide.*] Madam *D'Acier* remarks a peculiar Beauty in the Epithet ἀνέϛγυϕον, in the Original of this Line; *Stephens* has very well tranſlated it, *Nullo ſponſore cavenda. Ovid* has expatiated upon the Thought,

Orta dies fuerat: tu deſine credere ventis;
Perdidit illius temporis aura fidem. Faſtor. L. 2.

ΕΠΙΓΡ. Δ'.

Εἰς τρεῖς Βάκχας.

Ἡ τὸ θύρσον ἔχουσ', Ἑλικωνιάς· ἡ δὲ παρ' αὐτὴν,
Ξανθίππη· Γλαύκη δ', ἡ σχεδὸν ἐρχομένη.
Ἐξ ὄρεος χωρεῦσι, Διωνύσῳ δὲ φέρουσι
Κισσὸν, καὶ σταφυλὴν, πίονα καὶ χίμαρον.‡

ΕΠΙΓΡ. Ε'.

Εἰς τὴν Μύρωνος βοῦν.

Βουκόλε, τὰν ἀγέλαν πόῤῥω νέμε· μὴ τὰ Μύρωνος
Βοίδιον, ὡς ἔμπνουν, βουσὶ συνεξελάσῃς.

ΕΠΙΓΡ.

‡ This Epigram is a Poetical Explanation of a Picture representing three *Bacchæ*.

† *A Kid with Grapes and Ivy they convey.*] *Plutarch*, describing one of the Festivals of *Bacchus*, has a Passage which may serve to illustrate this of our Poet. Ἀμφορεὺς οἴνου καὶ κληματὶς, εἶτα τράγον τις εἷλκεν· ἄλλος ἰσχάδων ἄῤῥιχον ἠκολούθει κομίζων. "They carry'd Flagons of Wine, with Fasces adorn'd with Fruits; one led a He-Goat, and another follow'd with a Basket of

EPIGR. IV.

‡ *On a Picture repreſenting three* Bacchæ.

THAT's *Heliconias* who the Thyrſis bears;
Next her *Xanthippe*, *Glauca* next appears.
See, o'er the Mountains, dancing all the way,
To *Bacchus*, ever young and ever gay,
† A Kid with Grapes and Ivy they convey.

EPIGR. V.

* *ON MYRON'S COW.*

SWAIN with thy milky Care, theſe Meads forſake;
A diſtant Paſture prove:
Leſt *Myron*'s for a living Cow you take,
And with the Herd remove.

EPIGR.

" of dry'd Figs." Madam *D'Acier* obſerves, that the Grapes and Ivy mention'd by *Anacreon*, are expreſs'd by *Plutarch* in the Word κληματὶς, which was a Bundle of ſmall Branches, wreath'd with Ivy, and garniſh'd with all ſorts of Fruits. They ſometimes carry'd a Horn inſtead of it, fill'd with all ſorts of Fruit, to repreſent the Horn of Plenty. Both of them were conſecrated to *Bacchus*.

* *Myron* was a Native of *Eleutheris*, and Diſciple to *Agelades*.

ΕΠΙΓΡ. ϛ'.

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό.

Βοίδιον, ἢ χοάνοις τετυπωμένον, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ γήεως
Χαλκωθὲν, σφετέρῃ ψύσατο χειρὶ Μύεων.

ΕΠΙΓΡ.

Agelades. He flouriſh'd, according to *Pliny*, in the 87th Olympiad; therefore if we allow *Pliny*'s Calculation, this Epigram and the ſubſequent one muſt belong to ſome other Author than *Anacreon*, tho' they are both of them attributed to him by the *Anthologia*. *Myron* was the moſt celebrated Artiſt of his Time. *Petronius* ſpeaking of him ſays, *Penè hominum animas ferarumque ære comprehenderat.* "He had almoſt found the "Art to encloſe the Souls of Men and Beaſts in Braſs.

* Amongſt the many beautiful Epigrams which have been compos'd upon this Cow of *Myron*'s, the following from *Auſonius* deſerves particular Commendation.

Bucula ſum cælo genitoris facta Myronis
Ærea; nec factam me puto, ſed genitam.
Sic me Taurus init; ſic proxima bucula mugit,
Sic vitula ſitiens ubera noſtra petit.

Mirarìs

EPIGR. VI.

**ON THE SAME.*

THIS beauteous Cow which wond'ring you behold,
Was harden'd into Braſs by Age;
Not form'd by *Myron*'s animating Mold,
Who falſely would our Praiſe engage.

EPIGR.

Miraris quod fallo gregem? gregis ipſe Magiſter
Inter paſcentes me numerare ſolet.

Tho' *Myron* boaſt my fair Creation's Fame,
From genial Nature, not from Art I came.
The am'rous Bull's Aſcent this Truth avows;
Approaching me the conſcious Heifer lows;
The eager Calf my ſtrutting Dug believes.
Nor wonder thus my Form the Herd deceives!
The Maſter's Self can no Diſtinction find,
But numbers me amongſt the milky Kind.

Propertius tells us that there were four of theſe Cows made by *Myron*.

Atque aram circum ſteterant armenta Myronis,
Quatuor artificis vivida ſigna boves.

* *Horace*

ΕΠΙΓΡ. Ζ'.

Εἰς συμπότας.

Οὐ φίλος, ὃς κρητῆρι παρὰ πλέῳ οἰνοποτάζων,
Νείκεα καὶ πόλεμον δακρυόεντα λέγει·
'Αλλ' ὅστις Μουσέων τε, καὶ ἀγλαὰ δῶρ' 'Αφροδίτης
Συμμίσγων, ἐρατῆς μνήσκεται εὐφροσύνης.

ΕΠΙΓΡ.

* *Horace* introduces *Chiron* expressing the same Sentiment.

Illic omne malum vino cantuque levato,
Deformis ægrimoniæ
Dulcibus alloquiis. Ep. 13.

Therefore, great Son, my Precepts hear;
Let Mirth, and Wine, and Sport,
And merry Talk divert thy Care,
And make Life pleasant, since 'tis short. *Creech.*

Those

EPIGR. VII.

WHAT COMPANY HE WOULD CHUSE.

HE's not my Taſte, who o'er the ſprightly Bowl,
With Tales of War untunes the mirthful Soul;
* But he who courts the Ear, and charms the Mind,
With golden *Venus* to the Muſes join'd.

EPIGR.

Thoſe Epigrams which follow were collected by *Barnes*, and firſt added to his Edition of our Poet; the firſt Five upon the Authority of a Manuſcript *Anthologia* at *Paris*, and the reſt upon the Credit of a *Heidelberg* Manuſcript. Some of them are probably *Anacreon*'s, and ſome not.

* *Pauſanias.*

ΕΠΙΓΡ. Η'.

Ἀνάθημα τῷ Διΐ, τῷδε Φειδόλα,

Ἀνακρέοντος.

Οὗτος Φειδόλα ἵππος, ἀπ' ὀρυχόριο Κορίνθου,
Ἄγκει Κρονίδῃ μνῆμα ποδῶν ἀρετῆς.

ΕΠΙΓΡ. Θ'.

Τῷ Ἀπόλλωνι, τῷδε Ναυκράτης,

Τὸ αὐτό.

Ἑκάεργον, ἀργυρότοξε, δίδου χάριν Αἰακύλου υἱῷ,
Ναυκράτει, ὀχωλὰς τάσδ' ὑποδεξάμενος.

ΕΠΙΓΡ.

* *Pausanias, Eliac.* L. 2. c. 13. mentions this Mare of *Phidola*'s, and tells us, that she won the Race herself, after her Driver was thrown. He fixes this Victory to have happen'd in the 68th Olympiad, according to which Account this Distich might very well be wrote by our Author.

† The

EPIGR. VIII.

A Dedication to JUPITER, *in the Name of* Phidola.

BY ANACREON.

PHIDOLA, Corinth's Pride, to *Jove* decreed,
This * Mare, the Trophy of victorious Speed.

EPIGR. IX.

To APOLLO, in the Name of NAUCRATES.

BY THE SAME.

†GOD of the Silver Bow, *Naucrates* hear,
Accept his Off'rings, and confirm his Pray'r!

EPIGR.

† The Epithet Ἀργυρέοτοξε, as *Barnes* obſerves, was ſo known an Appellation for *Apollo*, that it was ſufficient, without a proper Name, to diſtinguiſh the Deity addreſs'd to. It was given him from the Splendor of the Rays of the Sun, of which he was the God.

† *Anaxagoras*

ΕΠΙΓΡ. Ι'.

Τῦ αὐτῦ.

Πρηξαγόρης τάδε δῶρα θεοῖς ἀνέθηκε, Λυκαίω
Υἱός· ἐποίησεν δ' ἔργον Ἀναξαγόρης.

ΕΠΙΓΡ. ΙΑ'.

Τῦ αὐτῦ.

Ῥυσαμένη Πύθωνα δυσηχέος ἐκ πολέμοιο
Ἀσπὶς, Ἀθηναίης ἐν τεμένει κρέμαι.

ΕΠΙΓΡ. ΙΒ'.

Ἀνάθημα Λεωκεάτους.

Στοίβε παῖ, τόδ' ἄγαλμα, Λεωκεάτες, εὖτ' ἀνέθηκας
Ἑρμῆ, καλλικόμης ἐκ ἔλαθες Χάριτας,
Οὐδ'

† *Anaxagoras* was a celebrated Statuary, and a Native of *Ægina*; he flouriſh'd both before and after the Expedition of *Xerxes*.

‡ When the Ancients eſcap'd any imminent Danger, it was uſual for them to conſecrate ſome Memorial of it in the Temples of the Gods. Thus *Horace*.

——— *Me tabula ſacer*
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suſpendiſſe

EPIGR. X.

BY THE SAME.

THESE Off'rings to the Gods *Praxagoras* brought;
The curious Work fam'd † *Anaxagoras* wrought.

EPIGR. XI.

BY THE SAME.

THIS ‡ Shield, the happy Guard of *Python*'s Fate,
Here, in *Minerva*'s Grove ‖ conſecrate.

EPIGR. XII.

ON A DEDICATION BY LEOCRATES.

WHEN *Hermes*' Statue on this happy Baſe
You fix'd, *Leocrates*, each fair-hair'd Grace,

The

Suſpendiſſe potenti
Veſtimenta maris Deo. L. 1. Ode 5.

—— My Danger's o'er,
My Table ſhews, the Cloaths I vow'd
When 'midſt the Storm, to pleaſe the God,
I have hung up, and now am ſafe on Shore.
Creech.

* By

Οὐδ' Ἀκαδημίην πολυγηθέα· τῆ ἐν ἀγοστῷ
Σὴν εὐεργεσίην τῷ προσιόντι λέγω.

ΕΠΙΓΡ. ΙΓ'.

Εἰς παῖδα Ἀριστοκλέους.

Ἀλκίμων σ', ὦ ῥιστοκλείδη, πρῶτον οἰκτείρω φίλων·
Ὤλεσας δ' ἥβην, ἀμύνων πατρίδος δουληΐην.

ΕΠΙΓΡ. ΙΔ'.

Τοῦ Ἀνακρέοντος.

Πρηξιδίκη μὲν ἔρεξεν, ἐβούλευσεν δὲ Δύσηρις
Εἷμα τόδε· ξυνὴ δ' ἀμφοτέρων φιλίη.

ΕΠΙΓΡ.

* By the Academy mention'd in this Epigram, it's probable the Poet means the Academy at *Athens*, he having resided for some time in that City, in the Court of *Hipparchus*.

† As nothing is more glorious than for a Man to die in the Defence of his Country; so nothing is more commendable in the ancient Poets, than the Care they took in transmitting the Names of their Heroes to the Admiration of Posterity. We have some Fragments of *Tyrtæus* wrote intirely as Incentives to Military Honour.

Οὐδέ-

The joyous * Academy hail'd thy Name;
And this right Hand ſtill ſpeaks thy copious Fame.

EPIGR. XIII.

† *ON THE SON OF ARISTOCLES.*

FOR Thee, inceſſant Grief my Boſom rends,
Brave Youth, who for thy Country's Freedom dy'd!
The firſt of Heroes, and the beſt of Friends,
Cut off in Youth's, in War's, in Friendſhip's Pride!

EPIGR. XIV.

BY ANACREON.

PRAXIDICE wrought, *Dyſeris'* Art deſign'd
This Robe. The ‡ Fair-ones boaſt one Siſter-Mind.

EPIGR.

Οὐδέποτε κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἀπόλλυται, οὐδ' ὄνομ' αὐτοῦ,
Ἀλλ', ὑπὸ γῆς πὲρ ἐὼν, γίγνεται ἀθάνατος,
Ὅντιν' ἀριστεύοντα, μένοντά τε, μαρνάμενόν τε
Γῆς πέρι καὶ παίδων θοῦρος Ἄρης ὀλέσῃ.

The Man who bravely for his Country dies,
Tho' deep in Earth his mortal Body lies;
Yet ſtill exulting on the Wings of Fame,
For ever triumphs his immortal Name.

‡ The Friendſhip of two Ladies is thus finely expreſs'd by our own inimitable *Shakeſpeare*. We,

ΕΠΙΓΡ. ΙΕ'.

Τοῦ αὐτοῦ.

Πρὶν μὲν Καλλιτέλης μ' ἱδρύσατο· τόνδε δ' ἐκείνου
Ἔκγονοι ἐςήσανθ'· οἷς χάριν ἀντιδίδου.

ΕΠΙΓΡ. Ιϛ'.

Τοῦ αὐτοῦ.

Παιδὶ φιλοςεφάνου Σεμέλης ἀνέθηκε Μέλανθος,
Μνῆμα χορῶν νίκης, υἱὸς Ἀρηϊφίλου.

ΕΠΙΓΡ.

We, *Hermia*, like two artificial Gods,
Created with our Needles both one Flower,
Both on one Sampler, sitting on one Cushion;
Both warbling of one Song, both in one Key;
As if our Hands, our Sides, Voices, and Minds
Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,
Like to a double Cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an Union in Partition.

Midsummer-Night's Dream.

Thi

EPIGR. XV.

BY THE SAME.

THE good *Calliteles* firſt plac'd me here;
His gen'rous Kindneſs drew
His duteous Sons t'adopt me to their Care;
To them your Thanks are due.

EPIGR. XVI.

BY THE SAME.

MELANTHUS, *Areiphilus*' gen'rous Son,
This grateful Trophy conſecrates to thee,
For deathleſs Honour by thy Favour won,
O Garland-loving † Son of *Semele!*

EPIGR.

† This *Bacchus*, the Son of *Semele*, was a *Theban*, and Grandſon to *Cadmus*. The *Greeks*, who borrow'd their Worſhip from the *Ægyptians*, gave him the Name of *Bacchus*, or *Great*, from the *Ægyptian Bacchus*, who was ſo call'd by the *Indians* from his Conqueſt of their Country. Nor were they ſatisfy'd with taking his Name only, moſt of his Actions were alſo attributed by them to This.

ΕΠΙΓΡ. ΙΖ'.

Τῦ αὐτῦ.

Σιὼ τε χάριν, Διόνυσε, καὶ ἀγλαὸν ἅρμα κόσμον,
Θεσσαλίης μ' ἀνέθηκ' ἀρχὸς Ἐχεκρατίδης.

ΕΠΙΓΡ. ΙΗ'.

Τῦ αὐτῦ.

Εὔχεο, Τιμώνακτι θεῶν κήρυκα γενέσθαι
Ἥπιον· ὅς μ' ἑρατοῖς ἀγλαΐαις προθύροις,
Ἑρμῆ τε κρείονι καθέσατο· † δ' ἐθέλοντα
Ἀγῶν καὶ ξείνων γυμνασίῳ δέχομαι.

ΕΠΙΓΡ. ΙΘ'.

Τῦ αὐτῦ.

Βωμὸς τόσδε θεοῖς Σοφοκλῆς ἱδρύσατο πρῶτος,
Ὃς πλεῖστον Μούσης οἶδε κλέος Τραγικῆς.

ΕΠΙΓΡ.

* The Ancients esteem'd *Mercury* the general Protector of Learning, and therefore usually plac'd his Statue in their Libraries, and in the Porticoes before their publick Schools and Academies.

† Tho'

EPIGR. XVII.

BY THE SAME.

TO thee, O *Bacchus! Echecratides*,
Theſſalia's King, vow'd me the City's Grace.

EPIGR. XVIII.

BY THE SAME.

TO *Maia*'s * Son addreſs your grateful Pray'r,
That *Timonactes* be his fav'rite Care!
Who fix'd this Honour to the Herald-God,
And made this Portico my lov'd Abode.
Ye happy Few! who Science' Charms revere,
Aliens, or Citizens, may enter here.

EPIGR. XIX.

†*BY THE SAME.*

THE Tragick Muſe, renowned *Sophocles*,
Did to th' immortal Gods theſe Altars raiſe.

EPIGR.

† Tho' *Barnes* receives this Epigram as *Anacreon's*, yet it muſt be acknowledg'd that his Arguments in Defence of it are but of dubious Credit. He fixes the Death of *Anacreon* to have happen'd in the 4th Year of

ΕΠΙΓΡ. Κ'.

Ἀνακρέοντος.

Τληΐῃ ἱμερόεντα βίον πόρε, Μαιάδος υἱέ,
Ἀντ' ἐρωτῶν δώρων τῶνδε χάριν θέμενος.
Δὸς δέ μιν εὐθυδίκων Εὐωνυμέων ἐνὶ δήμῳ
Ναίειν, αἰῶνος μοῖραν ἔχοντ' ἀγαθῆς.

the 76th Olympiad, which, if we believe the *Arundelian* Marble, and the Consent of the best Chronologists, was four Years before *Sophocles* exhibited his first Piece upon the Stage. *Barnes* would salve the Difficulty indeed, by supposing that *Sophocles* had communicated his Compositions to his Friends, and so given them Proofs of such Abilities, as to deserve this Compliment. But even then, as an ingenious Gentleman remark'd to me, the

ΤΕΛΟΣ.

EPIGR. XX.

BY ANACREON.

O *MAIA*'s heav'nly Son! thy *Tlæas* guard,
With Halcyon Days his pious Gifts reward;
And grant him long a happy Life to grace,
Amidſt the juſt ‡ *Euonymean* Race.

the utmoſt that could have been ſaid of him, was, that he ſeem'd the Promiſe and Hope of the Tragick Scene, not that he had acquir'd much Glory from it, before any of his Compoſitions had appear'd in Publick.

‡ By the *Euonymeans* mention'd here, are meant the *Athenians*. Οἱ Εὐωνυμεῖς, Ἀθηναίων δῆμος, φυλῆς Ἐρεχθηΐδος. Stephan. Περὶ πόλεων. "The *Euonymeans* are the *Athenians*, of the Tribe of *Erechtheus*.

FINIS.

G. V.ar Gucht Sculp.

SAPPHO.

Taken from a Busto in the Possession of the Earl of Pembroke at Wilton House.

ΣΑΠΦΟΥΣ ΤΗΣ ΛΕΣΒΙΑΣ ΜΕΛΗ.

THE ODES OF *SAPPHO* OF *LESBOS*.

Β'.

[θανοῖσαν
Τιμάδος ἅδε κόνις, τὰν δὴ πρὸ γάμοιο
Δέξατο Περσεφόνας κυάνεος θάλαμος.
Ἃς δ' ἀποφθιμένας πᾶσαι νεοθηγέϊ χαλκῷ
Ἅλικες ἱμερτὰν κρατὸς ἔθεντο κόμαν.

Μὴ θάμβει, μάστιγα Μυρὺς ἐπὶ σήματι λεύσων
Γλαῦκα, βιὸν, χαροπὰν χᾶνα, θοὰν σκύλακα.

Don't wonder *Myro*'s Monument ſhould ſhow
A Whip, an Owl, a Gooſe, a Dog, a Bow.

The Whip denoted that ſhe could chaſtiſe her Servants; the Owl, that ſhe was aſſiduous at her Wheel and Needle, which are the Arts of *Pallas*, to whom that Bird is conſecrated; the Bow, that ſhe had her Mind always bent upon the Care of her Family; the Gooſe, that ſhe lov'd to ſtay at home; and the Dog, that ſhe was fond of her Children.

VER. 1 & 2.
The beauteous Timas, *ere a Bride, was led,*
By Death's cold Hand, to Proſerpina's *Bed.*]

Shake-

ΤΕ'ΛΟΣ.

THE

LIFE

OF

SAPPHO.

SAPPHO was a Native of *Mitylene*, the Capital of the *Æolian* Cities in the Iſland *Lesbos*. Her Mother's Name was *Cleis*, but who was her Father is uncertain, there being no leſs than eight Perſons contending for that Honour in *Suidas*. Their Names are *Scamandronymus*, *Simon*, *Eunominus* or *Eumenes*, *Eurygius*, *Ecrytus*, *Semas*, *Camonus*, and *Etarchus*. The moſt receiv'd Opinion decides in favour of *Scamandronymus*.

She flouriſh'd, according to *Suidas*, about the 42d *Olympiad*, and was contemporary with *Pittacus* Tyrant of *Mitylene*,× and the two famous Poets, *Stesichorus* and *Alcæus*. The laſt of theſe is ſaid to have been her Suitor; and a Rebuke which ſhe gave

× One of the seven Sages of Greece.

him is ſtill extant in *Ariſtotle.* He informs us, that *Alcæus* one Day accoſting *Sappho*, and telling her he had ſomething to ſay to her, but was aſham'd to utter it; *Was it any thing good*, reply'd ſhe, *and not rather ſome Diſhoneſty which you have conceiv'd in your Mind, you would not be aſham'd to diſcloſe it.*

Diphilus the Comick Poet, and *Hermeſianax* the *Colophonian*, aſſure us that *Anacreon* of *Teos* was alſo one of her Lovers; but this Amour has been generally eſteem'd too repugnant to Chronology, to be admitted for any thing but a Poetical Fiction; and I'm afraid it muſt ſtill be conſider'd as ſuch, notwithſtanding Mr. *Barnes*'s learned Endeavours to prove the contrary. Vide. Notas Ejus ad Vers: 1209. 1211. & Vitam ab Eo scrip: Anacreontis.

We have no Accounts by which we can judge of her Quality, whether ſhe was of a noble, or vulgar Extraction; for tho' *Strabo* tells us that her Brother *Charaxus* traded in Wines from *Lesbos* to *Egypt*, yet we can conclude nothing from thence; for People of the beſt Rank amongſt the Ancients employ'd themſelves in Traffick, and frequently us'd it as a Means to travel. *Solon*, when in *Egypt*, defray'd his Expences by Commerce, and *Plato* maintain'd himſelf there by the Oils which he ſold.

Beſides *Charaxus*, whom I mention'd, ſhe had alſo two elder Brothers, *Larychus* and *Eurygius*. *Larychus* ſhe highly commended in her Verſes, for his Virtue and Generoſity, and particularly for his having diſtributed Wine amongſt the *Mitylenians* in

the

the *Prytaneum*; but *Charaxus* ſhe as bitterly inveigh'd againſt, for the extravagant Love he bore a famous Courtiſan call'd *Rhodope*.

This *Rhodope* is reported to have been Fellow-Slave with the celebrated *Æſop*, and to have built one of the Pyramids of *Egypt*. The following Story of her, for its Oddneſs, may perhaps be not unentertaining. As ſhe was once bathing in the *Nile* (for ſhe was a Native of *Naucratis*, a City of *Egypt*) an Eagle ſnatch'd one of her Slippers out of the Hands of her Waiting-Woman, and carrying it to *Memphis*, where the King ſat adminiſtring Juſtice in a publick Place of the City, drop'd it in his Lap. The King was ſurpriz'd at the Novelty of the Adventure, and being ſmit with the Beauty of the Slipper, immediately diſpatch'd Meſſengers over the Country, with Orders to bring him the Woman with whom they ſhould find the Fellow of that Slipper. In ſhort, *Rhodope* being found, was brought to the King, and made by him Queen of *Egypt*.

To return to *Sappho*, ſhe marry'd one *Cercolas*, a Gentleman of great Wealth and Power in the Iſle of *Andros*, by whom ſhe had a Daughter nam'd *Cleis*; but he leaving her a Widow very young, ſhe would never accept of any ſecond Match; not enduring to confine that Paſſion to one Perſon, which, as the Ancients tell us, was too violent in her to be reſtrain'd even to one Sex. Her Cenſures of *Charaxus*,